

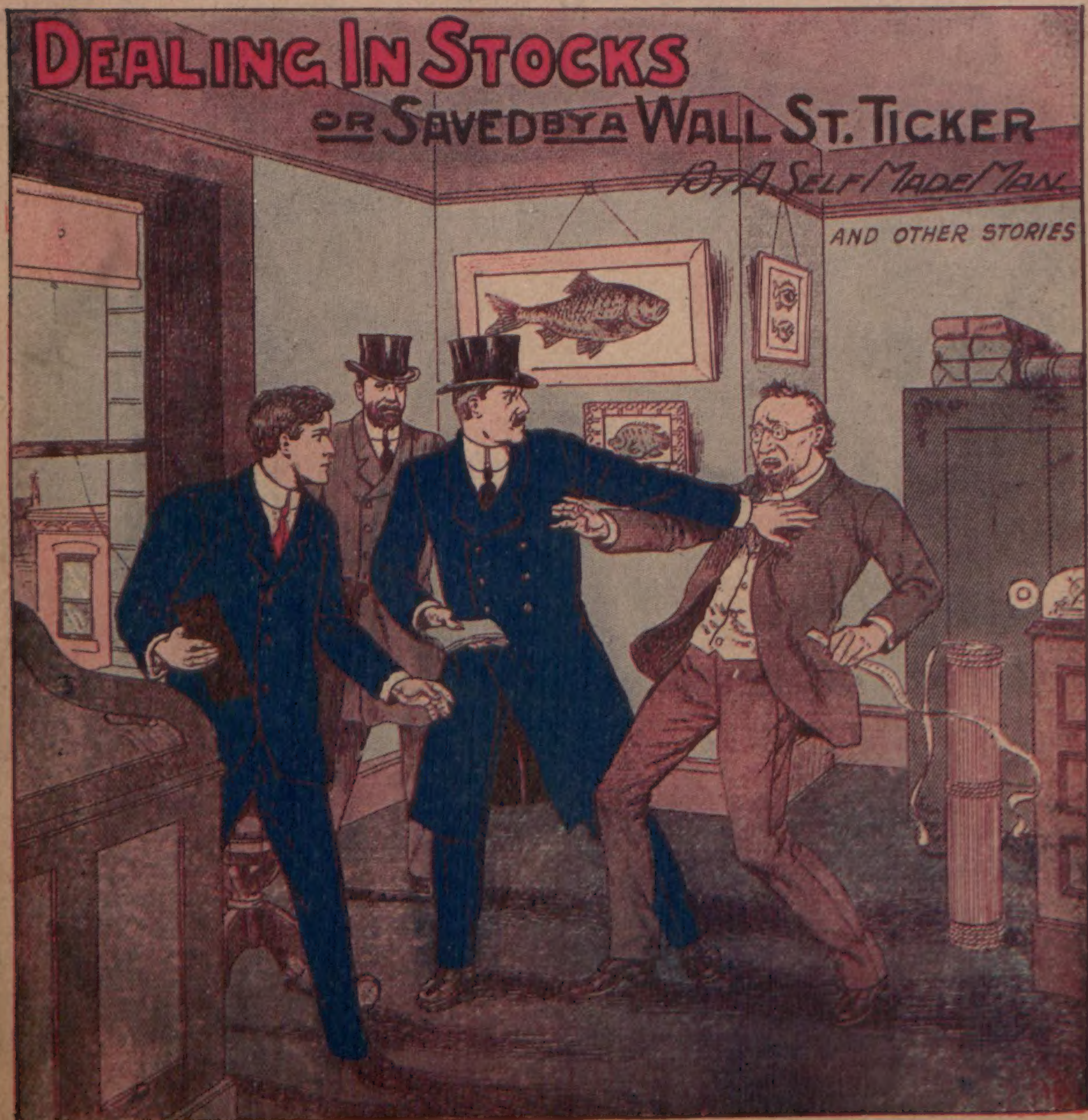
No. 763.

MAY 14, 1920.

7 Cents.

FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.



"What!" exclaimed Broker Blum, in great excitement, glaring at the young broker. "Do you want to rob me?" He was in the act of springing on Dick, who had risen from his chair, when Howard stepped forward and held him back

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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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No. 763.

NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1920.

Price 7 Cents

THERE is practically the same amount of reading matter in this weekly that the larger size contained. We have merely condensed the type and make up to conserve paper.

THE PUBLISHER.

DEALING IN STOCKS

OR, SAVED BY A WALL ST. TICKER

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Dick Willett and His Office.

"Hello, Story; you appear to have a new messenger. What's happened to Dick Willett?" said Broker Howard, as he sat down alongside the desk of the trader he had called to see.

"Why, haven't you heard?" replied Story, leaning back in his chair. "He quit me to go into business for himself."

"The dickens he did!" exclaimed Howard, in a tone of surprise. "This is the first I've heard about it. Has he left Wall Street?"

"No; he's got an office in the Eagle Building, on the sixth floor."

"In the Eagle Building? Do you mean to say that he's set up as a broker—a boy of his age, who is necessarily shy of experience in that line?"

"I really don't know whether he has or not. He didn't tell me that such was his intention. He's been speculating in stocks for the last two years so quietly that I never got on to it, and it seems he's been astonishingly lucky at the game. At any rate, he told me that he was pretty well fixed financially, though he started out on \$50 that he saved out of his wages."

"I've always thought that he was a remarkably smart boy, and as nice and polite as a young Chesterfield. I must drop in and see him," said Howard. "I suppose you're sorry to lose him?"

"Yes; I tried to persuade him to stay with me. Offered to promote him to the counting-room. But he had made up his mind to go, and so nothing I could say would change his purpose. I don't expect my new boy will ever match him. It would be hard to find his duplicate."

"I guess you're right. He's rather an uncommon boy; but if he's gone into the brokerage business he's got a good nerve."

"It wouldn't surprise me a great deal if he has. He is one of those kind of boys who is liable to do most anything where the mighty dollar can be angled for. Well, what did you want to see me about, Howard?" said Broker Story, changing the subject.

"Have you got any A. & D. shares?"

"No, I haven't. I wish I had. They seem to be scarce."

"That's a fact. I wasn't able to get a share in the boardroom. I have an order for 2,000 to fill, but I'm afraid I won't be able to fill it at the market price. Those who have it are holding on

for higher figures. I think it likely they'll get what they're looking for from present indications, although it's several points above high-water mark now."

"I heard that the Mitchell Combine is behind it. That bunch has a raft of money to draw upon. Mitchell himself is president of the Union Bank, and the controlling power in the Cameo Trust Company. I might mention half a dozen companies he is said to manage in the interest of himself and his friends. He is a high financier of the first water, and it seems pretty clear that he stands in with the big moguls of Wall Street, or he wouldn't be able to spread himself so freely. If he and his friends are in a pool to boost A. & D., there is no telling how high it may go. It closed at 115 this afternoon, and is liable to go to 120 to-morrow."

Howard nodded, got up, and said he guessed he'd run over to the Eagle Building and get a line on what Dick Willett was doing. He had always liked Dick, and was interested in his new departure.

"Well, give my regards to him," said Story, turning to the papers on his desk.

Howard walked across to the Eagle Building, took an elevator to the sixth floor, and was directed to the rear corridor. Nearly every office on that floor had a broker's sign on it. Room 614 was lettered simply "Richard Willett, Stocks." As Howard laid his hand on the knob he heard talking and laughing inside. Evidently Dick had visitors. That fact didn't deter the good-natured broker from entering. The moment he walked in he was received with a chorus of welcome from quite a bunch of traders, all of whom knew him well. Dick was seated in a pivot chair at his desk, while his callers occupied the three chairs, and the overflow of two were perched on a table.

"How do you do, Mr. Howard," said Dick, jumping up and offering the newcomer his hand. "I'm glad to see you. Sorry I can't offer you a seat, as they are all occupied but the window-sill is at your service."

"You seem to be holding a regular levee," laughed Howard.

"Yes. These gentlemen have done me the honor to call and inspect my humble surroundings," replied the boy.

"Doing any business yet, Dick?" said Howard.

"A little—in the speculative line."

"What are you in on?"

"Well, I've taken a few chances on A. & D."

"What! Have you got some of that stock?"

"I've got a call on a couple of thousand shares."

"Like to sell?"

"Why, do you want to buy it?"

"Yes. I'm looking for that amount of A. & D."

"For yourself or a customer?"

"A customer."

"What do you offer for them?"

"I'll give 116."

"I'll do better than that," said Darling. "I'll give 116 1-4."

Dick looked at Howard, but that gentleman shook his head.

"Make it a half and you can have the 2,000, Mr. Darling," said Dick.

"That's a point and a half above the market. Well, I'll take you," said the broker.

"All right," said Dick. "I bought the shares of Daly & Gales, at 99, ten days ago, and put up \$20,000 security. I'll transfer my interest in them to you if you'll write your check for \$55,000, less the commission and interest charges, which you ought to be able to figure out in a few moments."

Darling agreed to that, and when he had computed the amount due Daly & Gales, the deal was put through.

"Thanks," said Dick, as he took the broker's check, "the fishing's better than I expected."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Darling.

"Why, I mean I have fished half a point, or \$1,000, more out of you than Mr. Howard was willing to give," replied Dick.

"But if the stock goes up to 120, as I expect it will tomorrow, I will have fished three and a half points, or \$7,000 out of you," said the broker.

"I think you were foolish to sell, Willett," said Fox. "Everything points to the stock going higher."

"I know it does, but, nevertheless, it looks top-heavy to me," replied Dick.

"It can't be top-heavy with the Mitchell Combine behind it," said Darling.

"How do you know that Mitchell is behind it?"

"It's common report."

"Common report is not always to be relied on."

"That's true enough, but there seems to be pretty good reason to believe that it's right with respect to A. & D."

"As long as you're satisfied, I am," returned Dick.

"I'm satisfied. I've been trying to get hold of some of that stock for an hour before the Exchange closed, but couldn't—at least, not for the figure I was willing to give."

"Well, I wish you luck with your bargain, Dr. Darling. I'm satisfied to have made nearly \$35,000 out of it. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"If you keep on winning, young man, you'll soon have all the money there is in Wall Street," said Fox.

"I shall continue fishing for my share, at any rate," laughed Dick.

"Gentlemen," said Darling, "I guess we'd better go. If we stay longer we may wear out our welcome."

"Not at all," replied Dick. "I enjoy your society very much indeed."

The brokers, however, decided that they had

spent enough time there, smoking a good cigar apiece at the boy's expense, so they rose from their seats and started for the door, bidding Dick good-by. Howard remained a few minutes after the others to enjoy a private confab with the young dealer in stocks, and then he, too, took his departure saying that he would drop in again in the near future. Dick opened his safe, looked up the check, and, glancing at his watch, decided that it was time for him to shut up shop for the day. A boy who can clean up \$35,000 during the first two weeks he is out for himself is going some, and that was what Dick had just done. Everybody who knew him said he was a smart boy, and what everybody says is usually pretty near the truth. At any rate, he was smart enough to make \$25,000 out of the market during the two years and a half he worked as messenger for Broker Story, and with this capital he branched out on his own hook. On the very day he hired his office he learned that a combination of capitalists, not the Mitchell clique, as rumor now said, had been formed to corner and boost A. & D. shares. How he learned a matter that was a secret to the Street generally is of no importance to our story; it is enough to say that he did learn it, and immediately put up most of his money on the strength of his information.

The afternoon that we have introduced him to the reader was the tenth day of his occupancy of the office, and A. & D. stock, which he bought at 99, was up to 116. While the tendency of the market was to continue upward, Dick intended to sell out in the morning. He hoped to get 117, but he was not going to wait long for it to rise to that point, for somehow or another he had an idea that the market was liable to go to pieces at any moment. Had the Mitchell crowd been interested in the boom, he would have had more confidence in the situation, but he was afraid that powerful bunch was whetting their shears for a sudden onslaught on A. & D. Under these circumstances he was only too glad to sell the stock to Broker Darling at 116 1-2. Thus inside of two weeks Dick's capital had taken a jump to \$60,000.

CHAPTER II.—Dick's Fair Visitor.

For many years after his father's death, Dick, his mother and his two sisters lived in a humble Harlem flat. As soon as he was through the grammar school, Dick had to get out and hustle to help his mother, who gave music lessons on the piano to keep the pot boiling. When his twin sisters graduated, they, too, had to get out and work. Mrs. Willett had a strenuous time of it at first, but with all her children bringing in wages she was able to get on pretty well. Then Dick, having saved up \$50, began his career on the market, and he was fortunate from the start. As soon as he had accumulated quite a bunch of money, Dick suggested to his mother that they move to a better flat. He said he'd pay the rent of the new place, in addition to turning in most of his wages, and as he demonstrated his ability to do this, the family moved to a flat of Dick's selection. Six months later he took a grouch to the new flat, because the landlord refused to make needed repairs, and he got his mother to move to a still better flat, this time on Seventh avenue, above One Hundred and Twenty-fifth

street, where they now were. Soon afterward one of his sisters lost her position, whereupon Dick offered her half of what she had been getting to stay home and help their mother. She accepted, and that was the condition of affairs at present.

"Mother," said Dick, when he got home, "if I wasn't well satisfied with this flat I'd hire a better one over on Riverside Drive and move in. But as enough is as good as a feast, I guess we'll stay here a while longer."

"What put that idea into your head?" smiled his mother.

"Prosperity."

"Then you are beginning to do well since you left Mr. Story's office?"

"Rather. I sold out the stock I told you I had bought ten days ago, and the deal has netted me \$35,000."

"Why, Dick, you can't mean that!" exclaimed the astonished little woman.

"I do mean it, mother. I am now worth \$60,000."

When Dick left Story's office, less than two weeks since, he had considerable trouble in convincing his mother that he was actually worth \$25,000. That amount of money looked like a big fortune to Mrs. Willett, and small wonder, for she had not been accustomed to the possession of riches at any period of her life. And now, ten days later, to have her son come to her and say that he had made a good deal more than that sum out of a single Wall Street deal fairly staggered her.

"How could you make so much money, Dick?" she asked.

"How do many of our financiers make a million in an hour?"

"But you are not a financier."

"No, but I'm a capitalist on a small scale, and hope to be one on a large scale by the time I'm able to cast my first vote."

"I'm afraid you're having a little fun with me," said his mother, doubtfully.

"Not at all, mother. I have a check in my safe for a little less than \$55,000, which I shall cash as soon as the bank opens in the morning, and in addition to that I have \$5,000 in bills in a drawer. I am sorry I didn't bring the check home in order to convince you, but it's safer where it is."

As Dick spoke earnestly, Mrs. Willett was convinced that by some hocus-pocus her bright boy had suddenly become more than twice as rich as he was two weeks since. When she went back in the kitchen where her daughter Daisy was busy, she imparted the wonderful news to her. Daisy could hardly believe it, either, and she rushed into the dining room, where Dick had settled down to read the afternoon paper, to learn all the particulars. The only particulars Dick had to give out were that he had bought a stock called A. & D. for \$99 a share, and sold it for \$116.50 a share.

"I had 2,000 shares, so figure the profit out yourself, sis," said her brother. "Of course, there are interest charges for ten days on \$178,000 to be deducted, at current rates, and a commission of \$250; but all that is a small matter when one's profit is large."

There was high jinks at the supper table when

the news was broken to the other twin, whose name was Pearl.

"How much of a rake-off are you going to allow Daisy and me?" she asked.

"How would \$250 apiece suit you? You could get a lot of clothes and fixings for that."

"It will suit us first-rate, won't it, Daisy?" said Pearl.

The other twin said it would, and then they went on talking about their brother's great success as his own boss. Dick was so accustomed to getting to Wall Street at 9 a. m. that he kept the practice up, though there really was no occasion for him to do so now. The clock on Trinity Church, facing Wall Street, pointed just nine when Dick walked into the Eagle Building next morning. Clerks and messenger boys were coming to their day's work, and the elevators were full of them, together with a sprinkling of pretty stenographers. A Wall Street daily for which Dick subscribed, and the daily mining report of the previous day's operations on the Curb, in Jersey City, and at all the mining exchanges throughout the country, lay on the floor inside in front of the door when the young dealer in stocks opened up his office. He opened his desk and sat down to con over the reports of stocks first of all, and then he read over the latest financial intelligence in the paper. By the time he had finished it was ten, so he opened his safe, took out Broker Darling's check and went to the bank to cash it. He was well known there, for his late employer banked at the establishment, so he had no difficulty in getting the money. He carried it to his safe deposit box in a vault near the Eagle Building, and locked it up, then he returned to his office to watch the quotations as they came out of his ticker. He saw that A. & D. had opened at 115 1-8 and had gone up to 115 7-8. All the important shares on the list had advanced in sympathy with the A. & D. boom, and business was rushing in the Street. His reflections were intruded upon by a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Dick.

The door opened and a very pretty girl, clad neatly in black, entered in a somewhat timid way. Dick jumped up and offered her a chair.

"Thank you," she said, "but I only called to see if I could find a situation. I am a stenographer, and I lost my position with a broker because I had to stay home and nurse my sick mother. She died after an illness of several weeks," went on the young lady, choking up, "and—and now I have to support myself, for I am all alone in the world."

Dick's sympathy went out to his fair unhappy visitor, and he began asking her questions about her ability as a stenographer, and then about herself. She told him that she had worked for Broker Blum, whose office was on that floor in front of the corridor. She had just called on him to see if he would take her back, for she had always done her work satisfactorily, but he wouldn't. He had hired another girl and was satisfied with her. She said she was stopping at the Young Women's Christian Association Building in Harlem, but that unless she soon got work she would have to give up her room there, for she only had a few dollars left after paying the bills connected with her mother's illness and death.

"What is your name, miss?"

"Jessie Long."

"Well, my name is Richard Willett, and this is my office."

The girl looked surprised, for she had supposed Dick was merely a clerk. Had she known he was the boss of the office, she would not have been so frankly communicative.

"I hope you will excuse me for taking up so much of your time, Mr. Willett," she said, rising. "I did not know that you were the gentleman whose name is on the door."

"The mistake is not remarkable," smiled Dick. "I am rather young to be a man of business, but I can't help that. I am simply starting out a little ahead of the established order of things. But don't go. Sit down. Perhaps I can help you out. I need somebody here to look after the office when I am out. I was thinking of advertising for a boy, but if you would like the position I'll give it to you. Of course, I can't pay you as much as Mr. Blum did, for I have no use for your services as a stenographer. You could come here at \$6 a week until you secured a position suitable to your ability. That would help you out, would it not?"

"It is very kind of you to make the offer, and I accept it gratefully. I will try to be as useful as possible to you. Mr. Blum paid me \$10, but \$6 will pay my expenses until I can do better," said Miss Long.

"Very well. You can take off your hat and start in now. I am going out on a little business, and may be away an hour," said Dick.

The girl took off her hat and hung it in a closet in the corner of the room, and then sat down in a chair by the window.

"If any one calls to see me, ask his name and business. Tell him I will be back inside of an hour," said Dick.

Then he put on his hat and went out.

CHAPTER III.—Blum Offers Dick a Bargain.

While Dick was away, Broker Story took a notion, as he was in the Eagle Building, to drop in and see his former messenger. Jessie Long was looking out of the window when he walked in. She got up on seeing him.

"I called to see Dick Willett," said the broker, looking around at a lot of fishing scenes which decorated Dick's office walls. "He is not in, I guess."

"No, sir. When he went out fifteen minutes ago he said he would return in about an hour. Will you leave your name and state what your business is?"

"My name is Story. I have no business with Willett. I merely dropped in to see him. Are you employed here?"

"Yes, for the present."

"Well, I'm sorry Willett is not in, for I don't know when I can get up here again. Tell him I called, please."

"I will."

Broker Story bowed to the girl and took his leave. Half an hour passed away and then the door opened again, and this time it was Broker Blum, the girl's former employer, who walked in. He had heard the traders talking about Dick, and his curiosity being excited, he made some inquiries about the boy. In this way he learned about the deal in A. & D. Dick made with Broker

Darling, and how the boy had received a check for \$55,000, or nearly that amount, for his interest in 2,000 shares of the stock. A boy worth \$55,000 at least was an object of great interest to Blum, when it appeared that he had an office near his own and was dealing in stocks. Blum had some stocks in his safe that he was desirous of unloading on some unsophisticated person. When he walked into Dick's office he was greatly surprised to find it in charge of his former stenographer, whom he had turned down rather curtly that morning.

"Well, Miss Long, I didn't expect to find you here," he said. "Have you been employed by young Willett?"

"I have," replied Jessie, in an indifferent way.

"Your young employer is not in, I believe?" said Blum, taking in the fishing pictures in much the same way Broker Story had done.

"No, sir. He will be back soon. Will you wait for him?"

"No I will return shortly," replied Blum, who did not care to remain with the young lady he had treated so curtly.

"Very well," replied Jessie. "I will tell him you called."

Blum walked out. Ten minutes later Dick returned, and Jessie told him about the two visitors. She then put on her hat and went out, after being told that she could take three-quarters of an hour if she wished to. She had been gone about fifteen minutes when Broker Blum appeared again.

"Richard Willett, I believe?" he said.

"Yes, sir. You are Mr. Blum, I guess. Sit down."

"As you are my new neighbor, I thought I'd call and make your acquaintance," said Blum, forcing a friendly smile into his old wrinkled features.

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Blum," said Dick, who was rather prejudiced against his visitor for not taking Miss Long on again.

He was satisfied that most employers would not have dumped their stenographer out of her job because she had to remain home for a few weeks to tend on a sick mother.

"Not at all, my young friend," said Blum, rubbing his skinny hands together. "I believe in extending the hand of friendship to the newcomer in our midst."

Blum spoke like a man who was full of the milk of human kindness, but his face rather belied that impression.

"You take an interest in those who are trying to get a foothold in Wall Street," said Dick.

Blum was regarded in Wall Street as a crafty and particularly slick individual, who had few friends because those who knew him had learned to mistrust him. He would take advantage of a friend as quickly as he would of a stranger. Many a trader had tried to get back at Blum for some act of sharp practice on his part, but there were few who could truthfully say that they had turned the trick on the old man.

"Yes," went on Blum, "I felt it would be a kindly act on my part to give the new tenant a lift to encourage him. How shall I do it? I thought. Then I thought of a bunch of shares of the Lucky Strike mine I had in my safe. A customer had left them with me for sale. He needed the money and was willing to take any

price in reason for his block of 30,000. I was about to offer them on the Curb at a sacrifice when it struck me what a fine thing it would be for this new tenant to buy them in at the low figure I was authorized to take for them, hold on to them for a few weeks, and then sell them when the rise, that was bound to come, set in."

"Lucky Strike, eh?" said Dick, looking interested, for he had heard something about that mine while he was out. "You say you have 30,000 shares?"

"I have, and you are welcome to any part of that number at ten cents. If the stock isn't dirt cheap at that figure I'll eat my head."

As it would be a difficult job for Mr. Blum or anybody else, for that matter, to eat his head, he was pretty safe in asserting that he would do it under the circumstances he stated.

"If I took the lot, wouldn't you sell them for a nickel?" asked Dick, with an expression of innocent confidence on his good-looking features.

"My young friend, don't ask me to ruin myself. We will call it nine cents. At that figure I am dividing my commission with you, besides giving you a bargain."

"Nine times three is twenty-seven," said Dick. "Twenty-seven hundred dollars is a lot of money for a stock that is off the lists."

Evidently Dick knew something about the Lucky Strike, and Blum hemmed and hawed with a feeling of disappointment.

"Well, well, we'll call it eight cents, then. I see I must sacrifice all of my commission," said the broker, with a look of resignation.

"I don't think I care to give over five cents," said Dick.

"Five cents!" exclaimed Blum, holding up his hands. "Impossible. I'll let you have it for seven."

"Too much, Mr. Blum."

"What, for a real Simon-pure bargain! Oh-h! Impossible! But seeing it's you, we'll call it six."

"No, we won't. We'll call it five or nothing," said Dick.

"My young friend, won't you give five and a half?"

"No, sir, I don't deal in half cents."

Blum scratched his chin, and then his ear.

"Well, sooner than deprive you of such an excellent bargain, I will let you have the stock at your own price. Have you \$1,500 handy? If so, I will run in to my office and fetch you the certificates?"

"I have the money in the safe. Make out your memorandum of the deal, so that everything will be regular, and then fetch me the stock, and your money will be ready for you."

Blum made out the memorandum with alacrity. In ten minutes he was back with the certificates, a huge bunch, and he passed them over to Dick. The young dealer in stocks handed him fifteen \$100 bills. Blum counted them carefully to make sure not one was missing, and then he recollected that it was time for him to go to lunch. As soon as the generous old broker had disappeared with Dick's money the boy sat down and chuckled.

"Before the Curb Exchange closes this afternoon the members will be offering a quarter for that stock," he said to himself. "How funny that Blum should come in here and offer me a really good thing. But that was because he

didn't know any better. He didn't know what I learned ten minutes before I came in, that Lucky Strike has realized its name at last. Yes, the fishing in Wall Street is certainly very good these days," and Dick sat back in his chair and chuckled again.

CHAPTER IV.—Lucky Strike a Winner.

Dick was still chuckling when Broker Fox walked in with a broker whose office was on that floor.

"Willett," said Fox, "let me make you acquainted with Mr. Babcock. Babcock, this is Richard Willett."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Babcock," said Dick, shaking hands with the broker.

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Willett," said Babcock.

"Babcock's office is just around the corner in the next corridor," said Fox. "I thought I'd bring him in and make you two acquainted."

"That's right," said Dick. "Any friend of yours, Mr. Fox, is welcome to the hospitalities of my den."

During the conversation that followed, Babcock remarked that he was greatly inconvenienced by the absence of his stenographer, who was home sick.

She had an attack of grip, and he couldn't tell when she would be able to get back to her duties.

"I have to send my work upstairs to a public stenographer, and it's something of a nuisance, for I require a girl at my call all the time," said the broker.

"Then I think I can help you out, Mr. Babcock," said Dick. "I hired a young lady this morning to look after my office, but I guess I can spare her for a few days, as I have hardly any call for her stenographic abilities. I judge she is a good stenographer, for she worked for Mr. Blum on this floor for a year back. Her name is Miss Long."

"Why did she leave Blum?" asked Babcock.

"She didn't leave him. He let her go because she had to stay home six weeks to nurse her sick mother, who in the end died. I can't say that Mr. Blum treated her fairly. He hired another girl in her place, not temporarily, but permanently, and that let her out. As she was in a tight fix financially, I gave her a chance to earn her expenses till she could connect with a better position."

"Where is she now?"

"Out at lunch."

"Send her in to me and I'll give her a trial. I'm much obliged to you for the favor."

"You're quite welcome, Mr. Babcock."

"If she's fairly good I'll keep her till my own girl comes back."

At that moment the door opened and Jessie came in.

"Miss Long, this is Mr. Babcock. He needs a stenographer for a short time, as his girl is home sick. He will probably pay you twice as much as I promised you for the time he requires your services. As I regard your interests superior to my convenience, I have decided to let you help him out. When he is through with you I shall be glad to have you come back, if you will, under the arrangements I made with you," said Dick.

"It is very kind of you to think of helping me, Mr. Willett," replied the girl, flashing him a grateful look.

"That's all right, Miss Long. Mr. Babcock's office is on this floor, only a few steps away. If I have a letter for you to typewrite, I dare say Mr. Babcock will permit you to do it for me," said Dick.

"Certainly," said the broker. "Bring in anything you want the young lady to do for you, and she will be at liberty to accommodate you."

The matter being arranged, the two brokers left, and Jessie went with Babcock to his office where he put her at work on her predecessor's machine. It was now about one o'clock, and Dick concluded to go to lunch. He put on his hat and then took a look at the tape. He was still interested in A. & D. as he wanted to see if it was going to 120 that day. Going back over the tape to where it had registered last at 115 7-8, he followed it up, noting that it rose to 116, and then by eighths ran up to 117 7-8. The next quotation showed a drop to 117 5-8 on a sale of 5,000 shares. Then came another sale of 5,000 at 117 3-8. Sales of 5,000 were continuous at a steady drop, until the price had sagged to 116 1-2. Then there was a lull in operations. That's the way the stock stood then. Dick looked up and sought a quick lunch house that he patronized when he was a messenger. When he came out on the street again he found there was some excitement around the Stock Exchange. He soon found out that the bottom had suddenly dropped out of A. & D., precipitated by a heavy bear attack, and that the Exchange was in the throes of a mild kind of panic, all the stocks along the line dropping on account of the slump in the chief feature of the day's operations.

"I wonder how Mr. Darling is coming out on the 2,000 shares he bought from me?" he thought. "Well, he's had the chance to make between \$2,000 and \$3,000 if he sold out at the proper time. At any rate, I'm glad I'm safely out of it."

He walked over to the Curb Exchange, and found that the news of the discovery of a rich silver lode in the Lucky Strike had got out, and that the traders were bidding for the stock. Already fifteen cents a share was offered, and this price jumped up to twenty while Dick stood around and looked on.

"If Blum has heard the news, or when he does, he'll be mad enough to kick himself around the block," chuckled Dick as he started for his office.

He dropped in at Babcock's office to see how Jessie was getting on, and found she was giving good satisfaction. She thanked him again for the interest he showed in her, and Dick assured her that he was very happy to be of service to her. He had put an advt. in a Wall Street daily, stating that he dealt in railroad and mining stocks, and was prepared to furnish reports on the condition of the market to those interested. When he got back to his office he found two letters on the floor from out-of-town people who wanted advice about mining shares. One of them said that he had 1,000 shares of Lucky Strike mine, for which he had paid ten cents a share, and as he had heard nothing about the mine in a long time, he wished to know what he could realize on his stock. Dick wrote a pencilled answer, telling him that the stock had been out of the market for the

matter of two years, but ore had just been found in it, and it had come to life again. He advised his correspondent to hold on to the stock for a while if he didn't need the money, or if he did to mail it to him and he would sell it to the best advantage. He concluded by telling him that he could get him double what he paid for it at that moment, and probably it would be higher next week. He wrote his other correspondent a letter of general advice, based on his own judgment of the Wall Street outlook, and took both letters in to Miss Long for her to copy for him. Hardly had he returned to his desk than the door opened hastily and Broker Blum came in, looking warm and nervous.

"Back again, Mr. Blum?" said Dick, cheerfully, suspecting the trader's errand.

"Yes, yes," said the old man, seating himself and mopping his forehead. "Young man, I sold you a big block of Lucky Strike this morning at a nickel a share."

"Yes, sir, and I took your word for it that it was a good investment."

"Whatever I say I mean. I asked you ten cents for it, which was the price my customer asked me to get, but you would only give me five, so I let it go at that. When I started to settle with my customer he objected to the sale. He said he wrote me to hold the stock, as he expected to trade it off for another mining proposition. Then I remembered that he did write me, and that I had forgotten all about the matter. Under these circumstances I ask you to return the shares to me, and I will give you back your money and present you with 5,000 shares of the Alta mine, worth six cents a share on the Goldfield market."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Blum, but I've taken a fancy to that stock, and as the deal was made in good faith, I see no reason for returning it to you," said Dick.

"But you see the position I am in, young man. I am bound to return that stock or get into trouble with my customer," said Blum.

"Well, if you've got to have it, I'll sell it back to you for fifty cents a share."

"Fifty cents!" ejaculated Blum, his eyes sticking out. "Are you crazy?"

"I hope not."

"I'll give you ten cents for it."

"Ten cents! Why, I heard a broker on the Curb, as I came from lunch, offer twenty cents a share for the stock, and from the excitement over it I wouldn't be surprised to see it jump to thirty before three o'clock. Under those circumstances your offer of ten cents is way below the mark."

Blum nearly had a fit.

"You got the shares from me for a mere song in comparison with their present value. I had no idea that a lode of silver had been discovered in the mine."

"I think," said Dick, "that you got a good price for the stock at the time you sold it. Now that it has turned up trumps, you want it back. That isn't the way business is done in Wall Street, Mr. Blum, and you know it."

"I want those shares back."

"You can have them for fifty cents cash."

"Ridiculous! I will give you fifteen."

"Fifty cents, and not a penny less, is my figure."

"This is a preposterous price," snorted Blum.

"I have a right to ask any price I choose for

my own property. You don't have to give it to me."

"I'll give you sixteen."

"You are only wasting your breath, Mr. Blum. Fifty or nothing."

"Do you take me for a fool?" roared the trader, jumping on his feet. "I will not give over seventeen cents."

"All right, sir, you needn't get mad over it. I won't sell at seventeen, so that settles the case."

Blum was angry enough to chew a wire nail, and he showed it. He glared at Dick, furious to know that the boy had done what very few, indeed, of the brokers had ever accomplished—got the better of him.

"You are a young jackanapes," he said. "A young jackanapes—do you understand?"

"Thank you, sir; and I presume you are an old jackanapes?"

"Bah! I will fix you yet. I will get square."

With those words he rushed from Dick's office.

CHAPTER V.—Lucky Strike is Good for Dick.

Dick thought the joke on Blum was too good to keep to himself, so he went over to Howard's office and told him about it. Howard was tickled to death.

"That's the best thing I've heard for many a day," he said. "Blum evidently intended to skin you out of as much as he could, and slipped up because you learned the news of the discovery made at the mine before he did."

"He has only himself to blame. If I went out on Broad street and offered to sell double eagles for ten dollars each, I think I'd find purchasers for all I had. Then if I afterward tried to buy them back at less than their face value, do you suppose I'd get them, even if I said I'd made a mistake? I think it is very doubtful, don't you?"

"Exceedingly so. In this case it is clear that Blum thought the stock still worthless, and wanted to get rid of it. Very likely he has had it a good while, for, to my knowledge, it hasn't been sold on the market for about two years. No one wanted it. I don't believe Blum could have given it away five minutes before the news came out, except he struck somebody who, like yourself, had accidentally heard what was on the tapis. Well, you've made a good thing out of that deal, and I congratulate you. It will prove a big feather in your hat to have outwitted Blum, as soon as the Street hears about it. You are likely to hold another levee in your office. Have you told Story about it?"

"No."

"You'd better run up to his office and tell him. I think Blum got the better of him once, and he's never forgiven the old man for it. It will be as good as a play for him to learn that you, a mere boy in the Street, turned the trick on Blum."

So when Dick left Howard's office he called on his late boss. Story was in and received him. When Dick told him how he had euchered Blum on the Lucky Strike shares, Story could hardly believe him.

"It's a fact, Mr. Story. I have the 30,000 shares in my safe at this moment," said the young dealer in stocks.

"And Blum sold them to you for five cents a share?"

"He did."

"Why, I just heard about a sale of 5,000 at a quarter on the Curb."

"At that showing I'm \$6,000 ahead on my deal, and Blum is that much out."

Story declared that Dick's shrewd piece of business afforded him the greatest satisfaction.

"Blum got the better of me on a deal a couple of years ago, and I haven't forgotten it. It is balm to my soul to know that you outwitted him. It will be the talk of the Street, and you'll find a hundred traders eager to compliment you over it. The person who can get the Indian sign on Blum is going some, I can tell you. But you want to look out for him. He won't rest till he gets back at you."

"If I don't do any more business with him he won't have the chance to get my goat," said Dick.

Dick returned to his office. It was past four, and after reading the paper, which had been left while he was away, he locked up and went home. By noon next day, all Wall Street had heard about Dick's deal with Blum, in which the unpopular trader had come out second best. The boy trader was voted a cuckoo of the first water, and those who did not know him, either personally or by sight, were anxious to get a look at so clever a youth. When Blum visited the Exchange he was unmercifully guyed by the crowd, who felt an unholy satisfaction in getting a whack at him. This reception did not make him feel any too happy, and he went around with a face that looked like seven days of rainy weather.

On the Curb a great deal of business was done in Lucky Strike, and by noon the shares were ruling at thirty cents. If Dick had been so disposed he could have got rid of every share he had at a total profit of \$7,500. He held on, however, believing that the stock would go to fifty cents, and maybe higher. Business at the exchanges quit at twelve that day, as it was Saturday. Dick had several letters for Miss Long to write, and he took them in to her.

"You can do them after you finish up with Mr. Babcock's work, as I am in no rush for them. Bring them in when you are ready to leave for the day. I'll wait for you," he said.

Jessie brought the typewritten copies to him about a quarter of one, and he handed her a dollar for the hour she had put in for him on the day previous.

During the following week Lucky Strike went up to sixty cents, and Dick kept close tab on it. On Friday Dick sold 15,000 shares in lots of 1,000 shares each through different brokers. On Saturday morning he let out the other 15,000 in the same way. The selling of such a lot of the stock had a bad effect on the price, and it sagged down to 56. Altogether, Dick cleaned up a profit of about \$15,000, though he had anticipated making a thousand or two more. However, he could not but feel quite satisfied with the outcome of the deal in Lucky Strike, for it was just like finding so much money. He was now worth \$75,000, and he confidently expected to make it a round \$100,000 soon if luck did not desert him.

On the following Monday, Jessie Long returned to him, as Mr. Babcock's girl had got over her illness and was able to resume her duties in his office. Dick had, in the meantime, been figuring how he could manage to keep Jessie in his office, for he had taken a great liking to her. He could afford to pay her \$12 just as well as he could \$6,

but it wasn't business to do it unless she had a chance to earn it, and it was more than probable that she would not accept \$12 for just minding his office. He called on several tenants of that floor whom he knew had no typewriter, and sent their work to the public stenographer on the tenth floor, and proposed that they give their work to Miss Long.

"She can call at your office and take dictation, and then do the typing in my office," was what he said in substance to each man. "That will be a benefit to you and will give her work."

Four tenants agreed to employ her that way for \$2.50 a week each, which was less than they paid the stenographers upstairs. Dick hired a machine for the girl to use, and said he would give her the use of the office and \$3 a week, which would net her \$13 a week. She appeared to be delighted with the arrangement, for to say the truth she preferred to remain with Dick at even less wages than to take another position. She didn't want to accept his \$3, saying that the use of the office and the \$10 she would get from the four gentlemen was enough for her, but Dick wouldn't have it that way. Thus it was arranged that Jessie was to remain with Dick right along.

CHAPTER VI.—Jessie Saves Dick from Trap.

A month passed away, during which Dick engaged in several deals of minor importance, but the profits of which raised his capital to little above \$100,000. He and Jessie got on finely together, and they became great friends. One Saturday afternoon he took her up to his flat and introduced her to his mother and sisters. He had talked so much about her that the twins were curious to meet her. They took to her right away, for she was just the kind of girl they liked, and the three girls soon fraternized like old friends. They carried her off to their room, and made so much of her that she herself fell quite in love with them. She was easily persuaded to remain to supper, and when she said it was time for Dick to see her over to the Y. W. C. A. Building the twins insisted on going along too, and monopolized so much of her attention that Dick was left quite in the shade. After that the three girls saw a great deal of each other, much to Dick's satisfaction. One day when Jessie returned from lunch about one o'clock she looked a bit excited.

"Mr. Willett, I'd like to tell you something," she said, after she had hung up her hat, and Dick had put on his preparatory to going out.

"I'll listen to you, Miss Long," he said, wondering what she had to communicate.

"I overheard Mr. Blum and a friend of his named Einstein talking about you just now out in the corridor. They didn't see me, and I was mean enough to listen; but really, I couldn't help it, for I felt it was for your interest. They have a scheme under way by which they hope to ruin you."

"Is that so?" replied Dick, looking interested. "What is the scheme?"

"Mr. Blum says he got a tip to you in a round-about way a few days ago that a syndicate had been formed to corner and boom L. & N. shares."

"The dickens!" exclaimed the young trader in some consternation.

"There was nothing in the tip, however, the object being to get you to buy the stock in some

quantity in anticipation of a rise. To encourage you Mr. Blum and two of his friends circulated the tip around, and began buying the stock themselves. This had the effect of inducing others to buy, and the price went up three points. They kept a watch on you and saw you go into Mr. Howard's office. They judged you had bitten at the bait, but to make sure Mr. Blum sent one of his clerks, who is a friend of Mr. Howard's margin clerk, around to find out in a quiet way if you had really bought any of the stock. The clerk brought him word that you had bought 3,000 shares on margin at 90. To get you to buy more of it, they have gone in deeper into the stock, and have succeeded in forcing the price up to 92. Mr. Blum says that he and his friends are overloaded with it, but he has learned that you have bought 3,000 more shares of the stock. He wanted Mr. Einstein to join them and advance enough money to boost the stock a couple of points more, hoping you will buy some more on the strength of the continued rise. Whether you do or not they intend to throw all their shares on the market and cause a slump, selling short on top of that in order to force the price low enough to wipe you out."

"So that is their programme?" said Dick.

"It appears to be. I think it is fortunate I overheard that matter, for you can probably save yourself by selling before they act," said Jessie.

"I'm much obliged to you, Miss Long," said Dick, taking her by the hand, "and I won't forget the interest you show in my business affairs."

Instead of going to lunch he called at once on Broker Howard, and told him what Jessie had overheard Blum say to Einstein in the corridor.

"Your margin clerk has been letting out the fact that I have made two deals in L. & N. through you, and the enemy is expecting that I may go in deeper. Now, if that stock should suddenly slump I stand to lose a good many thousand dollars. I want you to sell me out right away, after a quiet fashion, without giving your margin clerk a chance to learn about it and inform Blum's clerk. After you have sold all my holdings I think it would be a good idea for you to show your margin clerk a fake order for 5,000 more shares of L. & N., which you will pretend I left with you and which you are going to buy right away for my account. The news will then reach Mr. Blum that I have apparently gone in deeper into the stock, and he will figure that he has me where the hair is short."

Howard agreed that Dick must get out of L. & N. at once to save his bacon, and he was willing to carry out the young trader's suggestion about the fake order to throw sand in the eyes of Mr. Blum. Dick then went to lunch. Howard proceeded to the Exchange and in a quiet way disposed of Dick's 6,000 shares in lots of 1,000 or less, finding ready buyers at the market price, which was 92 3-8. In this way Dick got out of his hole with a profit of \$6,000 on his first order, while he came out square on the second one. An hour later the price went up to 93. At that figure Blum decided to unload a few thousand shares quietly himself, so as to save himself any loss when he started the slump. Before he did so word was brought to him that Dick had left another order, this time for 5,000, with Howard, and the old man rubbed his hands together.

"This is where I'll get square with the young jackanapes," he muttered. "He now has 11,000 shares of L. & N. If I can get the price down to 80, if only for a single sale at that figure, he'll be wiped out of \$110,000, and that ought to come pretty near sending him to the wall."

In the meanwhile, as soon as Dick learned from Howard that his stock had been disposed of, the boy determined to try and anticipate Mr. Blum's plans and develop a slump before the broker had secured himself. He took \$40,000 around to Mr. Story and told him to sell 4,000 shares of L. & N. Short, for his account, for a point below the market. He explained to his late employer all about Blum's scheme to do him up, and how he had just got out of the trap by the skin of his teeth.

"I think when you offer 4,000 shares below the ruling price that it will cause a drop," he said, "for there is nobody behind the stock to sustain it, except Mr. Blum and his friends, and my object is to catch them unawares, if I can, before they are ready to participate in the slump themselves. I think if you will join me in this, Mr. Story, and sell four or five thousand yourself, too, right on top of my order, it will complete the purpose I have in view and we'll both make money out of it. When you see the stock is beginning to recover, then buy in 4,000 for me to cover my order, and if you follow my lead you'll do the same for yourself."

Story, glad of any chance to get a whack at Blum, agreed to sell anywhere from five to ten thousand shares short himself to bring about a sudden slump. Blum was not in the board-room when Story offered any part of 4,000 L. & N. at 92, as he had been called outside to see an acquaintance. Four traders interested in the stock took 1,000 each. Story then offered 3,000 more at 91. This second offer aroused a feeling of distrust in the stock. One of Blum's friends carried the news out to him that Story was trying to break the price in L. & N. Blum rushed into the board-room to protect his own interests. Having just learned that Dick was credited with having bought an additional 5,000, he was eager for a slump himself, but first he wanted to sell his own holdings and those of his friends at a safe price before the break came. Story's tactics upset his efforts somewhat. The brokers who bought the 4,000 shares of Story were anxious at the second offer at half a point lower, but they decided, after a quick consultation, to take the stock and prevent a further drop. No sooner had they done so than Story offered 3,000 more at 90, just as Blum offered any part of 5,000 at 91 1/2.

L. & N. began to weaken perceptibly, and when Story offered 2,000 additional shares at 89, the bell locked rattled. That started the slump in earnest and inside of fifteen minutes L. & N. tumbled down to 80, representing a considerable loss to Blum and his associates, as well as others who had bought the stock up around the 90's. Story then got a friend of his to buy 4,000 at 89 1/2, to cover Dick's short sale, giving the young trader a profit of about \$11,000. He then proceeded to order enough bought to cover his own short interests. That done, he dropped out. The stock recovered to 84 and stood there. Blum and his friends, assisted by other losers, made desperate efforts to get it high enough to get themselves out whole, but failed completely,

for when the Exchange closed, L. & N. was still at 84, with the prospect of dropping lower in the morning. Blum, however, believed that Dick had been wiped out and in spite of his own loss that thought afforded him intense satisfaction.

CHAPTER VII.—The Order for Union Traction.

Dick made it his business to get the news in a roundabout way to Blum that he had made \$50,000 out of the slump in L. & N., instead of sustaining a loss, as that broker supposed he had, and if there was a mad individual in Wall Street, that person was Marcus Blum.

That afternoon Dick met Blum in the corridor.

"How do you do, Mr. Blum?" he said, with a sardonic grin on his face.

"Bah!" cried Blum, glaring at him fiercely and walking on.

Dick chuckled and continued on to the elevator. During the next few weeks, Dick had varying luck in the market, but he added \$12,000 to his capital, making him worth \$160,000. One morning Broker Einstein walked into Dick's office. The boy trader recognized him as a friend of Blum's. He wouldn't have known that only for the fact that Jessie had overheard the conversation between Blum and Einstein, as mentioned in the previous chapter. Dick immediately suspected that Einstein had some ulterior object in view in paying him this visit, and he was on his guard at once.

"My name is Jacob Einstein," said the visitor. "Here is my business card."

The card bore the words, "Epps & Einstein, Brokers,—Broad street."

Dick bowed and asked his caller to be seated. Einstein gazed around at the number of fish pictures Dick had hanging in the office.

"You are a young fisherman, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes. I'm fishing for the dollars in Wall Street," replied Dick.

"That is one of your jokes, I suppose?" said Einstein.

"No, there isn't any joke about it. It is very serious business."

"I represent a syndicate that has been formed to buy and corner a certain stock."

"Yes?" said the boy.

"There are 90,000 shares on the market, or rather there was till we bought up most of them. There are still 10,000 shares that we want to secure, but the stock is held by a certain operator, whom we dare not approach, because he would suspect our purpose and ask more for the shares than we would care to give. Now, just taking a new dealer in stock, we are of the opinion that he would sell to you at the market price, and so the syndicate has requested me to employ you to purchase the shares and deliver them at my office to-morrow, when you will be paid the regular commission," said Einstein. "That will put \$1,250 into your pocket in exchange for very little labor on your part."

"You will give me a regular order to that effect, I suppose?" said Dick, wondering if, after all, this wasn't a genuine commission.

"Certainly!" replied Einstein. "That is always done in cases of this kind."

"I'll take the order, then," said Dick. "Who is

the gentleman who has the stock you want, where is his office, and what is the name of the stock?"

"The operator's name is Kester, and his office is on the third floor of the Nestor Building, in Hanover street. The name of the stock is Union Traction. It is going at 85. If he asks an eighth more than that, pay it, but no higher."

"Is the stock to be delivered C. O. D. at your office?"

"By no means. You must pay for the stock yourself, bring it to my office and then I will hand you a certified check from the manager of the syndicate for the full amount, to which will be added your commission," said Einstein.

"I am sorry, Mr. Einstein, but I'm not a millionaire trader. At 85 the stock is worth \$850,000. I couldn't come within a long way of paying that sum."

"Pardon me, Mr. Willett, I did not mean that you were to be expected to pay the full purchase price down. Pay a reasonable deposit on the shares and get a receipt for it, together with the usual memorandum of the sale. Bring the documents to my office and I will see that the balance of the money is furnished you in a certified check acceptable to Mr. Kester. That will meet the difficulty, I guess."

"Yes, that will do," replied Dick.

"Very well. Here is your order, signed by me and endorsed by the manager of the syndicate which will protect you in carrying out the deal," said Einstein, taking out his pocketbook and handing the order to the young trader.

Dick examined it carefully and saw that it appeared to be all right.

"That is your signature, Mr. Einstein?" he said.

The visitor reached over on Dick's desk, drew a pad toward him and wrote his signature on it.

"Compare the two if you have any doubt," said Einstein, holding the slip of paper over the signature on the order.

The two were practically identical, and Dick was satisfied.

Then Mr. Einstein took his leave.

Jessie was not present at the interview, being out at lunch, but she should have come in before Einstein finished his interview.

The reason she was late she explained, ten minutes later, was because she had been stopped in the corridor by Mr. Blum, who took her into his office to make some inquiries about something she had done for him before she left.

"That's all right," said Dick. "I'm going out on a little business now, and I will probably get my lunch before I return."

Then he took up his hat and walked out.

"Mr. Einstein didn't have given me that order if he contemplated any trick," thought the boy, as he walked over to Hanover street to call on Mr. Kester. "No, I guess it's all right."

Kester was in, and Dick had no trouble in getting an interview.

"I understand that you have some Union Traction stock for sale," Mr. Kester, said Dick.

"Who told you that?" asked Kester, sharply.

"Oh, I heard you said."

"Well, I think I have. Are you looking for some?"

"Yes, I want any part of 10,000 shares."

"Who sent you here?"

"I'm a trader. Here is my card."

"I've got 10,000 shares. What will you give for the block?"

"Ninety-five."

"I want 85 1-2."

"I can't pay that."

"Then I'll call it 85 1-8."

Dick, though authorized to give that, held out for 85 flat, and finally Kester agreed to let it go for that.

"How much deposit do you want?" asked Dick.

"Ten per cent. of the purchase price."

"That's \$85,000?"

"Yes."

"Will you hold the deal open long enough for me to go and get the money?"

"How long will it take you?"

"Not over twenty minutes."

"All right."

So Dick hurried away to get \$85,000 out of his safe-deposit box. He was within a few doors of the vault when he met Howard.

"I was just up to see you, Dick," said the broker.

"You see me now," laughed the boy.

"Quite plainly. I wanted to tell you to look out for Jacob Einstein."

"Why?" exclaimed Dick, rather taken aback.

"I am satisfied that he and Blum are up to some dodge to pickle you."

"What makes you so certain about it?"

"My messenger boy accidentally overheard them talking together. He didn't hear much, but what he did hear indicated that they were setting another trap to try and catch you. Whatever it is it seems to have some connection with Union Traction."

"Union Traction!" cried Dick. "Why, Mr. Einstein called on me about an hour ago and gave me an order to buy 10,000 shares of that stock, which I'm to deliver at his office."

"The deuce he did! Why couldn't he buy it himself?"

"There was a particular reason."

"Did you accept his order?"

"I did."

"Have you bought the stock?"

"Practically I have. I was on my way to my safe-deposit box to get ten per cent. of the purchase price, which is \$85,000, to clinch the deal."

"Have you got Einstein's order with you?"

"No, I left it in my desk at the office."

"Is it made out in regular shape?"

"Yes."

"That seems safe enough, for he can't go back on his own order, but I'm afraid there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere."

"It isn't in the order."

"As soon as you deliver the shares I'll let him agreed to pay you, of course?"

"Yes, together with \$1,250 commission."

"The value of the stock is \$850,000? How are you going to get it until you have paid for it in full?"

"I can't get it until I do."

"How do you expect to raise the money?"

"I'm to put up \$85,000 deposit, and then Mr. Einstein will furnish me with a certified check for the difference to pay the gentleman for the shares. When I deliver them at Mr. Einstein's office I'm to get back the amount of my deposit, together with my commission," said Dick.

"That looks right enough, but I can't see what

special reason obliges Einstein to pay you a large commission for executing a deal he ought to be able to put through himself," said Howard. "That may be the little joker."

"The reason he gave me is a rational one. Such things crop up once in a while that compel a broker to employ an outside agency to put a deal through. There is no doubt that Mr. Einstein wouldn't have come to me if he could have bought the stock himself."

"Evidently. Well, it's up to you, Willett. I have done my duty in warning you of what my messenger said was in the wind. I wouldn't like to see Blum get his hooks into you. What he wouldn't do to you isn't worth mentioning."

"Well, I can't see where there's anything crooked in Mr. Einstein's order," said Dick. "He can't go back on his own signature if he wanted to. I wouldn't execute an order for anybody without a written order specifying its nature."

Howard pondered a moment.

"I think you'd better let me see that order, Dick," he said. "After what my messenger told me I am bound to say that I suspect the squareness of any dealings Einstein has with you."

"All right. I'll let Kester wait a few minutes longer for the deposit," said Dick.

They went to Dick's office. The boy opened his desk, took the order out of a pigeonhole and handed it to Broker Howard without looking at it. Howard glanced at it, then turned it over and handed it back.

"You have made a mistake. That isn't the order."

"Sure it's the order," said Dick.

"Look at it. What you handed me was a blank piece of paper."

Dick looked at it, turned it over like Howard had and then stared at it in astonishment. Without doubt it was the same paper Einstein left with him for it bore an anchor water-mark, which the boy noticed at the time he took it. But now there wasn't a single vestige of the order for 10,000 shares of Union Traction stock which had been originally written on it.

Dick was fairly paralyzed.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Scheme That Failed.

"What in creation does this mean?" almost gasped Dick.

"Why, what's the matter? What are you looking at that paper so intently for?" asked Howard.

"Because that's the paper Mr. Einstein gave me."

"What are you giving me, Dick?"

"The truth. When Mr. Einstein handed it to me it had the order written on it, with his signature at the bottom, and the endorsement of a partner named Epps, who, he said, was the manager of the syndicate that wanted the stock; now there isn't a sign of writing on it."

Broker Howard was astonished at the boy's explanation. He took the paper and looked it over carefully, but as far as he could make out it was a blank sheet of paper.

"I guess you've picked out the wrong piece of paper from your desk," he said. "Look again. There couldn't possibly have been the order. The order gave you."

Dick was satisfied it was the paper that Ein-

stein had given him, but, nevertheless, he looked again in several of the pigeon-holes, but no order could be found.

"You are satisfied that paper had writing on, are you?" said the broker.

"I could swear to it," said Dick.

"Did you look at the paper after Einstein left your office?"

"I did, to make sure that the order was all right, for somehow I suspected Mr. Einstein, though I never met him before, because he is a friend of Blum's."

"Of course, if you had the order after Einstein left, that fact disposes of the idea that he changed the paper. Maybe the order has got mixed up in those papers on your desk."

Dick, to satisfy Howard, looked over his desk thoroughly, but the original order was not to be found. Howard himself looked around on the floor, but without result.

"The disappearance of that writing gets my goat," said Dick.

"It gets mine, too, if it really was on that paper."

"It was there, all right," said Dick, positively.

"Well, one thing is certain, the order has disappeared. Under those circumstances you'd better not execute that commission. By the way, was Miss Long in here when Einstein called?"

"No, she was out at lunch."

"In that case, I suppose there was no witness to the interview?"

"No."

"As you've agreed to fill the order you are in honor bound to call on Einstein and tell him why you have not executed it. Ask him for another order, and as you know how much you're going to pay for the shares you might as well request him to hand you the certified check for the whole sum, made out to the order of the seller. If the business is genuine he can just as well do that first as last."

"That's so," said Dick. "I'll do it, but I've lost so much time now I may miss Mr. Kester when I go back."

They went out together and ascended in front of the building in which Mr. Einstein's office was located. Neither Epps nor Einstein was in, so Dick felt he could do nothing for the present. He decided that he would fill in the time getting his lunch. At half past two he came back again to Einstein's office, but neither of the partners had returned in the meanwhile. At any rate, that is what he was told. From there he went over to apologize to Kester for not coming right back with the deposit. Kester only had one clerk and he was not at his desk when Dick entered. The young trader heard voices in the private room. They sounded very like Blum's and Einstein's. That was suspicious enough to induce Dick to listen. First he stooped and looked through the keyhole. He saw Broker Einstein sitting near Kester's desk.

That was all he could see, but it was enough to convince him that there was something in Einstein's visit to his office, and the order for the purchase of the 10,000 shares of Union Traction. Flushing his car to the keyhole he easily heard the conversation that was going on within. Kester remarked that Willett's deposit looked as if he had got on to the game in some way after leaving his office.

"I don't see why he should unless he discovered that the order I gave him had faded out," said Einstein. "There is no reason why it should have faded so quick, as the ink is warranted to hold its color for twelve hours."

"Did you test the ink beforehand?" asked Kester.

"No. I didn't think that was necessary."

"Well, suppose Willett throws up your commission, because his suspicions have been aroused in some way, what are we going to do? We are loaded up with this traction stock, and the market is likely to turn at any moment. We stand to lose a considerable amount of money. That is all your fault, Blum. You were so certain that a syndicate had been formed to boom it. Somebody must have fooled you," said Kester.

"If we could form a syndicate ourselves and buy in the majority of the shares still on the market we would not only be able to hold the price, but push it up high enough to make a large profit," said Einstein.

"That's easy to suggest, but hard to execute. How many shares would we have to buy?" asked Kester.

"Probably 50,000."

Kester made a quick computation on a pad.

"That would take four millions," he said, "and we'd have to have another million to cover contingencies. It's out of the question."

"I think it's a big risk unless you could get a dozen good people to take hold quick. They'd have to put up \$100,000 each, and we would have to do the same. That would make a million and a half. Then we would turn over the 20,000 shares at the market price, and in that way we'd get back \$400,000 of our present \$700,000 investment. If you see any way of making the raffle that way, Einstein, I'm with you," said Kester.

"I'll start the ball rolling to-morrow morning if Willett drops out this afternoon. He seems to be like a lively flea—very hard to catch," said Einstein.

At that moment Dick heard steps approaching the door on the outside so he got away from the keyhole. Kester's clerk came in.

"Is Mr. Kester in?" asked the young trader.

"I believe he is. What is your name?"

"Willett."

The clerk knocked at the door in a peculiar way and was told to enter. In a few moments he came out, followed by his employer.

"Well," said Kester, "you have been a long time getting that money, young man."

"I called to say that I haven't got it yet."

"Then you don't intend to take the stock?"

"I can't do it unless I can see my way clear to raising the purchase price."

"I'll agree to hold it for you for five days, on a ten per cent. deposit, but if the price drops within that time you will have to pay 85 for it or lose your deposit," said Kester.

"And if the price holds and I can't take the stock, I'll lose the deposit, too, I suppose?" said Dick.

"No, I'll agree to let you down easy."

"What do you mean by easy?"

"I'll return you half of your deposit."

"No. I don't think I'll take it on those terms. If the party I'm buying it for won't put up the full amount, then the deal is off."

With a slight bow, Dick walked out and started for Howard's office.

CHAPTER IX.—Dick Makes a Big Haul.

Dick found Howard in and told him what he had overheard at Kester's office.

"I was satisfied the thing was a plant," said Howard. "It's lucky I met you in time to switch you off the job."

"Yes, and I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Howard," said Dick.

When he got back to the office Dick dictated a letter to Einstein, and when Jessie had typewritten it, he signed it, put it in an envelope and asked the girl to take it over to the broker's office. Einstein replied, curtly, that the commission was off, as he couldn't agree to Dick's request for a certified check for \$850,000 to pay for the Union Traction shares. Dick grinned and put the note in a pigeon-hole. For the next ten days he kept an occasional eye on Union Traction. He also frequently visited the Exchange and watched the pole where the stock was dealt in. He noticed that Einstein was selling it at intervals. The price dropped a little, but not much. At the beginning of the next week a period of depression set in and the whole market sagged several points. Union Traction dropped down to 77. Dick continued to watch the daily market report closely, and now he noticed that a great deal more of it changed hands than before. He began to suspect that the Blum crowd had got their syndicate into working order and was buying the stock in at the present low price. After considering the matter, Dick dropped around to see Howard.

"I want 10,000 shares of Union Traction," he said to the broker.

"What's struck you now, Dick?" asked Howard.

"It's down to 77, and I think that buying it is a good spec."

"I guess you're not taking a desperate risk in going long on it at 77," said his broker friend, and he took the boy's order and the \$100,000 security Dick put up.

Howard was only able to get 3,000 at 77. The balance cost him an average of 78. He so notified Dick, and the boy said all right. A few days later, Dick ordered 2,000 more bought, and it cost him 79. With the following week the market began to recover and all the stocks stiffened in price. Dealing became brisk again, and Union Traction went up gradually to 85. That was its average value in the market—the point around which it had been accustomed to fluctuate. Dick knew that and kept a sharp watch upon its movements. Next day it climbed up two points more, and when the Exchange closed on Saturday of that week it had reached 90. Dick was now fairly well satisfied that the Blum crowd had formed a combine, and that the stock was being pushed up with the view of selling out at a big profit.

On Monday morning, Dick went over to Howard's office.

"I am of the opinion that it is about time I got out from under, Mr. Howard," he remarked to the broker.

"I have been wondering how long you intended holding on," said Howard.

"Well, I want you to begin selling my shares at

once, as soon as the Exchange opens. Feed it out to the brokers in any quantity they want to the extent of 7,000 shares, then offer either Blum or Einstein the other 5,000 in a block. That will carry consternation into the Blum camp, I'll bet a hat. If Blum or Einstein won't take it at the market price, offer it to anybody at one point below. Maybe the Blum people will take it in then to save a slump."

Howard went to the Exchange and Dick marched up into the gallery to watch the course of events. The broker offered 1,000 Union Traction at 90 1-8, first. It was taken by a trader to fill an order. Einstein then offered 1,000 at 90 1-4. Howard offered a second 1,000 at 90 1-8, and it went. He offered a third 1,000 at the same price, and it was taken. Then several brokers bid 90 for the stock. Howard got rid of 3,000 among them. Then he offered another 1,000 at 89 7-8. No one took him up, but a broker bid 89 1-2 for it, and Howard let it go. Blum and Einstein held a hurried consultation, and then Einstein rushed at Howard and offered 90 for 1,000. Howard shook his head and walking over to Blum offered him 5,000 shares at 90 3-8.

"Five thousand!" cried Blum. "Have you got 5,000 shares?"

"Yes. Will you take them, or shall I throw them on the market?"

"Wait! wait!" almost shouted Blum, calling Einstein over.

"We'll have to take them in," said Einstein, when the case was explained to him, "or we won't be able to hold the market."

So they took them, depending on subsequent sales to be able to pay for them.

"Want another 5,000?" asked Howard, though he had sold Dick out and had no more to offer.

Blum turned white and he couldn't utter a word. In that moment he thought he saw his finish. But with a laugh, Howard turned away and left the board-room. Then Blum recovered his self-possession, for he saw that Howard's offer had only been a joke. He jumped in and succeeded in forcing the price up to 91. Then he retired and left Einstein the delicate duty of unloading their holdings, little by little. On the whole, the syndicate got out with a considerable profit. As for Dick, when Howard settled with him, two days afterward, he found he had made \$142,000, and was worth a little over \$200,000.

CHAPTER X.—What Dick Overheard.

Dick concluded to take a few days' vacation. Having fished with such excellent results for money, he thought he'd go away and try a little of the other kind of fishing. So leaving his office in charge of Jessie, he packed his grip and left the city with rod and line, bound for Moose Lake up the State. It happened that Blum, Einstein and Kester, after figuring up their syndicate profits with much satisfaction, decided that they would take a week's vacation, too. They also elected to put in the time fishing, not that they were very enthusiastic followers of that sport, and fate led them to select Moose Lake as the spot where they would go to seek the heavy trout. Dick reached the lake one day ahead of them, and put up at the cottage of an old friend of Howard's. Blum and his associates went to the Moose Lake Hotel, which was on the shore of the lake,

about two miles from the cottage. Each morning Dick started off through the woods and spent the greater part of the day along the banks of a stream where he met with good results. Blum and his friends, on the contrary, went out on the lake to fish. On the fourth day of their stay, however, they nearly met with a serious accident, owing to their excessive liberality in supplying whisky to their hostess. They got such a good scare that next day they decided to try a stream a mile from the hotel.

Dick started as usual the same morning, and when nearly through the woods he stopped to rest in a secluded spot. He hadn't been there over five minutes when he saw three men approaching, attired for piscatorial sport, and bearing jointed rods in their hands, and fishing-baskets hanging from their shoulders. In a few minutes they were so near that he recognized them, and his surprise was great at seeing the three Wall Street men in that part of the country. When they came almost abreast of him they stopped to take a rest, too. A thin fringe of bushes hid Dick from their sight. Seating themselves on the dead trunk of a tree, they drew out their whisky flasks and took a drink, after which they lit fresh cigars.

"Do you know," said Blum, "I've thought of a new plan for getting back at that boy trader, Richard Willett."

"What is it?" asked Einstein. "If it isn't a slick one there is no use trying it on him, for if he isn't the smartest young chap in the Street he is certainly the luckiest."

"I am acquainted with a very charming and clever widow who I think will be able to get his goat. She has wound some pretty sharp men around her fingers, and it will be a singular thing if she can't put it over a mere boy."

"How do you propose to utilize her talents?" asked Kester.

"Well, I've got a 100-share certificate of Colorado Copper in my safe. It came into my possession some months ago when, fortunately for me, the stock was very low in the market."

"What did you pay for it?" asked Kester.

"I didn't buy it. A man came into my office one day and asked for a loan on it. He said he had some scheme in view that he wanted to push and needed money. The market price of Colorado Copper was then \$20 a share."

"And is now \$45, with the prospect of going higher," said Kester.

"Yes. The man wanted to raise \$1,500 on the certificate, but, of course, I wouldn't lend him as much as three-quarters of its value. In fact, I wouldn't advance over fifty per cent. of the value on any mining stock."

The other men nodded.

"I was very busy at the time, and after looking at the certificate I offered to loan him \$1,000 on it for ninety days. He held out for \$1,200, but seeing that I wouldn't give it, he accepted."

"If he wanted \$1,500 so bad, why didn't he sell the stock at its market price? That would have given him \$2,000, less your commission," said Kester.

"He didn't want to sell, for he said he looked to see its value go up to \$30 inside of the ninety days for which he needed the loan."

"It did go up some months ago. Did it also happen within the ninety days?" asked Kester.

"It went up \$5 within that time."

"How is it that the man didn't call and redeem his property?"

"He had a very good reason."

"I don't see what reason he could have, unless you agreed to hold the stock for a longer time to accommodate him."

"I made no such agreement."

"Then you had the right to sell the certificate at the market price, which I should think you would have done, and bought it in yourself if you thought the value was on the rise."

"That's what I did. I made a wash sale covering it with a friend of mine one day when Colorado Copper temporarily slumped to 23."

Kester and Einstein grinned.

It was just what they expected of Blum.

"After taking out your loan, the interest and your commission on the sale, you passed the balance to the credit of your customer, eh?" said Kester.

"Of course."

"And when he eventually called, expecting to get his stock back, and he learned that he was out and injured, you had a nice row with him."

"No, he never called for his money."

"Something must have happened to the man."

"I guess not."

"Why do you say that? Have you heard from him?"

"I'll tell you. I kept the certificate until Colorado Copper reached 42, two months ago, and then I decided that I'd sell it. I took it out of my private safe where I had it, for the transaction had been closed on my books in order to assure the legality of the wash sale, and then I discovered, fortunately, before I offered it for sale that the certificate was worthless."

"Worthless!"

"Yes. It was a duplicate of Certificate No. 666, Series C. The certificate had been reported destroyed in a fire, and after the fact had been properly certified to it had been crossed off the company's record and a new certificate issued to take its place."

"Oh, I see. But if the owner furnished proof under oath of its destruction, how came it to be in possession of the party who brought it to you?"

"How can I tell you that?"

"Then instead of being in a matter of \$3,000 you discovered you were out the \$1,000 you had loaned, as well as the interest. What a sell!" laughed Kester.

"It must have been quite a disappointment to you," chuckled Einstein.

"Yes, I was mad over it. I no longer wondered why the man failed to return for it, nor why he objected to having it sold in place of borrowing what he could get on it."

"Just so," nodded Kester. "And you are keeping it as a warning not to let yourself get caught that way again, I suppose?"

"I'll tell you. Just before I came on this trip I called on her and she told me she was about to sell her share of the Colorado Copper certificate to her and told her to take it to Willett's office and try and persuade him to buy it at, or very close to, the market price. I would arrange that he should be there a day or two before she called. If he took it, he probably

would to oblige her, for Colorado Copper stock is first-class security these days, she would be out of the country by the time he found out he had been duped out of \$4,500, and I would have \$1,500 of his cash in my pocket, after presenting the lady with \$500 for her trouble in making the deal."

"Four thousand dollars is rather small potatoes, Blum. They say that boy has made a raft of money since he started out for himself. I should think you'd try to bleach him out of something worth while—\$100,000, for instance," said Kester.

"It isn't so much the money as the trouble that certificate will get him into. He won't be able to produce the lady from whom he got the stock."

"That is, if he buys it," said Einstein.

"Oh, he'll buy it, I guess. Leave that to the lady. She is gifted with the silver tongue, and the most fascinating of ways, while her face is that of a Venus. He's only a boy and won't be able to resist her."

"So this is simply a little matter of revenge, eh?" chuckled Kester. "A sort of soothing lotion for the way Willett has taken you off your perch?"

"Yes, I am looking for satisfaction," admitted Blum. "I've never forgiven him for the first fall he took out of me, when he got the best of me in the Lucky Strike transaction, and then spread the news around the Street."

"So say all of us," laughed Einstein. "Well, I think we had better be going on if we are to do any fishing this morning."

The three Wall Street men rose and passed on, while Dick looked after them till they disappeared in the woods. Then, instead of going himself, he sat for half an hour and pondered over what he had overheard.

"It strikes me that that fascinating widow will have her work cut out in her efforts to sell me that Colorado Copper certificate, now that I know the trick it covers. But I'd like to catch Mr. Blum red-handed in this and show him up. If I could show that he knowingly endeavored to work that bogus certificate off on me I guess his reputation would suffer considerably in the Street. I must think it over and consult with Mr. Howard when I get back. Those men have gone on to my fishing-ground so it won't do for me to go there now. On the whole, I think I will cut my trip short and leave Moose Lake before they discover that I am rustivating here as well as themselves. Yes, I will leave by the afternoon coach."

Having arrived at this determination, he got up and retraced his steps to the cottage where he was staying.

CHAPTER XI.—Mrs. Glidding.

Dick reappeared in Wall Street on Saturday morning instead of the following Monday, as he had intended. Mr. Howard was surprised to see him so soon, and asked him if he had been disappointed in the fishing.

"No, the fishing was first class. I caught it largely, and your friend treated me in large style."

"Then why are you back ahead of time? Nothing out of the usual has happened in Wall Street

this week. Things are just about the same as when you left."

"I came back because I want to arrange my tackle for catching a big Wall Street fish—that is, big in some respects, though very small potatoes, in my private estimation."

"Indeed! Who is the fish?"

Marcus Blum."

"I heard that he and a party of friends have gone off on a vacation to celebrate their success in Union Traction."

"You heard correctly. I ran across Blum, Einstein and Kester at Moose Lake."

"The dickens you did! They must have been delighted to see you," chuckled Howard.

"They didn't see me."

"No?"

"No. The observation was all on my side. I met them in the woods. They came through while I was resting myself under a tree, screened by some bushes from the path. Very kindly they stopped to tip me off to a new scheme that Blum has on the stocks to get me in trouble."

"You mean that you overheard them figuring the matter out?"

"Einstein and Kester have nothing to do with this new trick. Blum is going it alone, with some outside help."

"Indeed! You interest me. Let me hear the facts if you don't mind."

"I came here to tell you about the matter, and also to consult with you as to some plan for turning the trick, which is a shabby one, into a boomerang that will rebound upon Mr. Blum's solar plexus."

Dick related to Howard all he had overheard Blum tell his friends in the Moose Lake woods. Howard was somewhat surprised at the disclosure. He remembered hearing about the re-issue of Certificate 666, Series C, of Colorado Copper stock.

The fact, with the cause assigned, had been published in all the Wall Street papers, and many of the dailies, at the time, and the news had been extensively circulated by circular among all the old miners in the country. This had been done by the secretary of the company, as an extra precautionary measure, not that he doubted the honor or truth of the owner of the original certificate, who had reported his loss with what was considered reasonable proof. It seemed clear that Blum, for some reason, did not discover that he had in his possession the alleged lost certificate until he decided to sell it, and then he knew better than to offer it. Had he done the right thing he would immediately have notified the secretary of the copper company of its having turned up, and turned it over to him. Instead of that he withheld it, possibly hoping that he might be able to work it off in some way to his advantage.

"Blum is a sly dog," said Howard. "But if you're the secretary of the Colorado Copper Co., that the original of Certificate 666, Series C, is in the old man's possession it will be up to him to explain why he has held on to it in face of the publicity which has been given to its supposed destruction."

"I would rather let Mr. Blum make the attempt first to work that certificate off on me. Then I would have him make his last stand," said Dick.

"The question will be to make the last stand

first that she received the certificate from Blum to sell to you," said Howard.

"I think she can be compelled to admit where she got it from. If I can't force her to do it I'll notify the secretary of the company and I guess he'll find a way to get the truth out of her," said Dick.

"Very likely. Then you're going to let Blum try his little game?"

"Why not? Forewarned is forearmed. My object is to expose Mr. Blum at a dirty trick. He needs a strong lesson to teach him to keep his hands off me. I am tired of being a mark for his treachery. I'm going to have it stopped."

"I don't blame you. You'll have the sympathy of the Street, for Blum hasn't got any real friends. Einstein, Kester and others who stand in with him are doing it because they think it pays them; but if they saw Blum going to the wall they'd shake him as quick as rats do a sinking ship."

"That's human nature, anyway," said Dick.

"Well, I'll get along and see how things are going at the tail end of the week. Blum probably won't get back before Monday, or maybe later. I think I'll arrange a telephone signal with you so that you can be on hand to help me out with the lady if she turns out a hard proposition. She mustn't get away so that she can skip over to Europe before we are done with her. I think probably Blum will send her to me on Tuesday, as there are a couple of steamers sailing on Wednesday morning. If she doesn't show up then I won't look for her to call before Friday."

Thus speaking Dick went away. Jessie had expressed great pleasure at seeing him back. She said she had felt quite lonesome in the office while he was away, though many brokers had called in to see Dick, and finding him out of town had stopped a few minutes to chat with her.

"Fortunately they had sense enough to see that I was very busy," she told him, "and did not prolong their stay. They all had something nice to say about you. I should judge from all I heard that you are very popular in Wall Street."

Dick's mother and the twins were glad to have him home again. They, too, declared that the house didn't seem like itself while he was away.

"You only imagine that, good folks," laughed the boy, nevertheless greatly pleased with the statement. "The fact that I was away for less than a week couldn't make a whole lot of difference with you or the house."

When Dick came to work on Monday morning, about half-past nine, he saw Blum walking down Wall Street ahead of him.

"So the old codger has got back? Well, I suppose I may look for the gay widow pretty soon. Oh, if I can only turn Mr. Blum's trick I'll be able to take all the water out of him," thought the young trader.

Nothing new or startling happened that day. There was no buying or selling of any kind, and the market bobbed along in the customary fashion, with very slight fluctuations.

It was half past eleven, however, and Dick was alone in the office, for the other boys had taken their lunch. He was looking out of the window when a knock came at the door.

"Come in," called the young trader in a quick

voice. The door opened, and a man came in, who looked like a broker, and said, "Mr. Blum's here."

There was no sign of the widow about her, and for the moment Dick did not feel sure that she was Blum's agent. He jumped up and offered her a chair. She beamed sweetly on him as she took it.

"You are Mr. Willett, I believe," she said, in a softly modulated tone.

"Yes, madam. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?" he replied.

"My name is Mrs. Glidding."

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Glidding?"

"I have heard so much about you from broker friends that having a little business to transact in your line I thought I would call and see you."

Dick bowed.

"Really, from what I've been told about you, I should judge that you are one of the brightest and smartest young brokers in Wall Street," she went on, with a bewitching smile, which certainly was not without its effect on the boy.

The lady possessed that magnetic property of impressing her personality on all with whom she came into contact. Its power over people was greater even than her beauty, which, aided by all those accessories of a modern lady's toilet, might be called of the bewitching kind, that drew admirers to her feet and held them willing slaves to the power of her charms. The implied flattery of her remark tickled Dick, and he murmured something to the effect that she did him proud.

Instead of stating the business that brought her to his office she devoted all her efforts to hypnotizing him with her charms. That her efforts were rather successful need scarcely be wondered at, as Dick was at a very susceptible age, and the lady had every advantage over him. It was fortunate, on the whole, that the entrance of Jessie rather interfered with the visitor's tactics. She favored the girl with a look that took her in from her head to her shoes, and was not pleased when the young lady seated herself at her typewriter and began to rattle the keys.

Jessie's coming woke Dick up, so to speak, and he said:

"Dear me! to think that I had forgotten all about my errand, Mr. Willett," said the lady, beaming on him again. "I don't know what you think of me. Here I have been taking up your time, and talking with you just like an old friend, when I've only known you a few minutes."

She launched a musical little laugh that thrilled on the ear, and flared a kind of goo-goo look at the young broker, as much as to say that she didn't think her offense was an unpardonable one. Dick assured her that he had been greatly entertained, and that her time was really a matter of little consequence in comparison with her pleasure.

"May I ask in what way I can serve you, Mrs. Glidding?"

Then with another sidelong glance she opened her handsome bag and took out a stock certificate.

"I would like you to purchase this of me, Mr. Willett. I am going away to-morrow and haven't time to wait for the ordinary course of selling. You will see that it is a first-class stock, worth \$15 a share, and I have only one 100-share certificate that I wish to dispose of at present. I am willing to take off an eight, or even a couple, if necessary, as an inducement for you to take it off my hands at once for, as I said, I really

have no time to wait. In any case I will consider that you have done me a great favor."

Dick took the certificate and opened it. He had recovered his self-control enough to feel what was coming. Yes, it was a 100-share certificate of stock of the Colorado Copper mine. Then he glanced at the serial number. It was Series C, No. 600; not No. 666.

CHAPTER XII.—Turning the Screws.

Dick was rather taken aback and stared at the number in some bewilderment. The lady looked at him narrowly through her half-closed eyes.

"You find it all right, do you not?" she asked, in a cooing tone.

"Apparently so," replied the young trader, as his business mind began thinking rapidly. "Pardon me a moment, Mrs. Glidding," he said, taking out his watch and looking at it. "I have just recalled an important matter that must be attended to. It won't interfere with your business as my stenographer can attend to it. Miss Long, will you call up — Broad and telephone that?"

He handed Jessie a slip of paper. The girl, who had been coached beforehand, knew what was expected of her. While Dick made a pretence of looking over the certificate she called up Mr. Howard, and finding the broker on the wire, gave the preconcerted signal, which was quite unintelligible to a listener.

"The party says all right, Mr. Willett," said Jessie, as she hung up the receiver.

"Very well," answered Dick. "This certificate is all right as far as I can see, Mrs. Glidding," he said, turning to his visitor. "You want me to buy it off-hand so as to save you the ordinary delay of a sale on the outside?"

"Yes, if you please," said the lady, sweetly.

"How long have you had this certificate?"

"Really I couldn't say. All my property is invested in stocks. That is the way it was left to me by my husband."

"I presume, then, you did not buy this yourself, but that it came to you through your husband's estate?"

"Yes."

"But your name is Glidding."

The lady nodded.

"And naturally your husband's name was Glidding."

"Naturally," smiled the visitor, little suspecting what the question was leading up to.

"Then if this stock once belonged to your husband, as it must have, to form a part of his estate, I can't understand why the certificate is not in his name."

The lady stopped smiling and looked a bit disturbed.

"It must be in his name," she said.

"No, it is made out to John Brown."

"My husband doubtless bought it from that man."

"If he bought it through a broker, the broker would have made it his business to have had it transferred on the company's books and a new certificate made out in the purchaser's name. Now, this certificate shows that John Brown owns this stock, and not you, Mrs. Glidding," said Dick, politely.

The lady looked excessively annoyed and taken aback.

"Then you won't buy it?" she said.

"Ordinarily I would not, but rather than put you out, I will see if the matter can't be straightened out."

"Will that give you much trouble?" she asked, anxiously.

"I hope not."

At that moment the door opened and in walked Mr. Howard.

"Ah, this gentleman may be able to help us. Mrs. Glidding, this is Mr. Howard a friend of mine."

The lady bowed, but not over-cordially, and the broker returned it with a look of respectful admiration, for he was not indifferent to such a vision of feminine charms.

"This lady has asked me to buy this 100-share certificate of Colorado Copper, which came to her as a part of her late husband's estate. Unfortunately, there seems to have been a blunder somewhere, for the certificate is still in the name of John Brown, presumably the person from whom Mr. Glidding got it. Mrs. Glidding is leaving the city to-morrow and has no time to await adjustment through the regular channels. Now do you think this certificate can be transferred in a hurry so as to cover the case?" asked Dick, with a significant look at the broker.

Howard picked up the document and looked at the number. He saw that it was No. 600 and not 666, as he had expected. He recollected, however, that the man who reported No. 666 destroyed was John Brown. The name was one easily to be remembered. His suspicions were immediately aroused that the number had been tampered with. A powerful microscope lay on Dick's desk. Howard picked it up and examined the serial number through it. It was clearly apparent now that two of the noughts had been substituted for two sixes. That settled the matter and placed the lady in a box.

"Madam," said Howard, "did this certificate come to you from your husband?"

Mrs. Glidding scented trouble from his tone.

"It must have. I received it from the lawyer who has charge of the estate."

"What is the lawyer's name, and where is his office?"

"Why do you wish to know that?" she asked, aggressively.

"Because this certificate is worthless."

The visitor stared at Howard in speechless dismay. Recovering herself with an effort, she reached for the certificate.

"Give it back to me and I will go," she said.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Glidding," said Dick, "but I cannot return it to you."

"Mr. Wilett, I am surprised at the attitude you have assumed toward me. I thought you a gentleman."

"I trust I am, Mrs. Glidding, and it embarrasses me to treat you otherwise than as the lady you appear to be, but this is a serious matter—a very serious matter for somebody. Unless you can show from whom you got this certificate you will be held responsible for trying to sell a worthless article which has been altered with intent to defraud."

"I have said I got that from my lawyer," she said.

"Isn't it a fact, madam, that Marcus Blum gave you that certificate and sent you to me to sell it?" said Dick, looking the lady straight in the eye.

"Marcus Blum!" gasped the visitor, turning pale under her face powder.

"Yes, Marcus Blum."

"Certainly not. I don't know such a person."

"I am sorry, madam, but I have proof that Marcus Blum did send you, and unless you admit the truth I shall be under the unpleasant necessity of sending for a policeman and giving you in charge," said Dick.

"Very well. Miss Long, kindly telephone the street police station and ask that an officer be sent here at once."

"No, no, no! Don't do that!" shrieked the lady as the girl started for Dick's desk. "I'll admit that Mr. Blum sent me here."

"Thank you, Mrs. Glidding. I assure you that you only confirm the knowledge I already possess. I expected you to bring that certificate either to-day or next Friday, for you have taken passage on one of the steamers that leave this port this week."

The lady gasped.

"Now as you have called this morning I judge that you expect to sail to-morrow. That will be impossible, for you will be detained as a witness against Mr. Blum."

"Oh, heavens!" she exclaimed. "My stateroom is engaged. I shall forfeit my ticket."

"There is a way, if you care to adopt it, by which this loss and inconvenience to you can be avoided," said Dick.

"How?" she fluttered.

Dick then dictated a statement in the form of an affidavit, and read it over to the lady.

"Are you willing to sign that in the presence of a notary under oath?" he asked her.

"I am."

"Very good. Miss Long, go to Room 722, on the floor above and see if Mr. Gay is there. If he is tell him to come right down."

During the interval, Dick asked the lady if Glidding was her real name. After a slight hesitation she admitted that it was not.

"What is your right name?"

"Cora Stanley."

"You are a widow, I understand?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Stanley signed the statement, and swore to its truth, and the notary acknowledged the paper by affixing his signature and his stamp, which he had brought with him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Stanley," said Dick. "You are now at liberty to go. I will see you to the elevator, for you must not see Mr. Blum for the present."

"You need not fear. I am through with Marcus Blum for good. I shall never permit him to call on me again, nor will I forgive him for the trouble and mortification he has brought upon me this day."

She spoke like a woman who meant every word she said, and her eyes flashed their resentment. The elevator took her on and she vanished from Dick's sight.

"She is certainly the levellest-looking woman I ever saw," he said, as he walked back to his office.

CHAPTER XIII.—To Err Is Human.

"Now, Mr. Howard, I think we had better have it out with Mr. Blum," said Dick.

"If you say so. If it was me I'd go right over to the secretary of the Columbia Copper Company and place the case in his hands," said the broker.

"Yes, I dare say that is my duty, but the alteration of that certificate is a forgery, and I hate to have my name in jail to face a prison sentence and the disgrace attaching to it."

"The sentiment does you honor, Willett, considering the injury that man has tried to do you," said Howard.

"It is better to forgive than harbor enmity," replied the boy.

Jessie heard his words as well as his previous remark and her eyes glistened as they rested on him. She had learned to love for him more than she had learned to hate, even to herself, but at that moment she knew beyond any doubt that she loved him.

"That's all right, but remember you owe a duty to the community," said Howard.

"Yes, I know it, and I shall square it in my own way. Miss Long, please go to Mr. Blum's office and tell him that I am here. If he refuses to come, tell him that he will have cause to regret it."

Jessie departed on her errand. In a few minutes Blum rushed in, bareheaded and pugnacious.

"What do you mean by sending me such a message?" he roared, shaking his fist at Dick.

"Because it was to your interest that you should appear here at once."

"To my interest? What do you mean, you young jackanapes?" roared Blum.

"Mr. Blum, you have placed yourself in a very serious situation by sending a lady to sell me a certificate and technically forged stock certificate."

"What are you talking about?"

"You sent a lady—a woman who called on me—Mr. Greenback to my office with a certificate of the Columbia Copper Company, Series C, No. 666, but which you altered to No. 600. I was aware that the original certificate had been destroyed."

"You can't prove it."

"Here is the proof," and Dick picked up the affidavit made by Mrs. Cora Stanley and held it before his open palm to the lady's indignation. "Your name is on the affidavit and on the certificate. You are the person who was named as attached to the paper, and you signed it and stamped on it. If I show that paper with the certificate in the hands of the secretary of the Columbia Copper Company, then they will have an explanation which is clearly my duty, and you know where you will stand, don't you? In the morning, and before many hours."

"Give me back that certificate!" cried the old man, lamely knowing what he said in his tone and excitement.

"Mr. Blum," said Dick, "you have been my enemy from the start, but at least you have treated yourself in my power, and I feel sure that you, in your turn, have heartily repented

many a man who asked mercy of you and got—a stone. You have reached your limit, and your finish is in my hands. What have you got to say?"

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the old broker, falling on his knees, in a paroxysm of fright. "Forgive me. Let me off, and I will be your friend."

"Yes, I dare say," replied Dick, sarcastically.

"Don't send me to jail. The disgrace will kill me, and it will kill my only child—my married daughter. Say you will spare me and I will pay you. I will give you half my money. I will write my check now," he cried, feverishly, crawling toward the boy's desk and tearing at his pocket to get out his check-book. "I will stay here till you send out and draw the money. Say you will agree."

"Get up, Mr. Blum. Don't kneel to me. Kneel to your Creator to-night and ask Him to forgive you, as I have already done. Put up your check-book. I don't want your money. You haven't enough, even if you could mortgage your soul to buy me. You have begged for mercy. Whether you are sincere or not I cannot tell, but you shall have it on certain conditions."

"I agree to any conditions."

"You admit before these gentlemen and my stenographer, and in my presence, that the charge contained in Mrs. Cora Stanley's affidavit is the truth and the whole truth, so help you heaven?"

"Yes, yes!" confessed the wretched broker, with a groan.

"You admit that that certificate is No. 666, Series C, supposed to be out of existence?"

"I do! I do!"

"You admit that you altered the figures 666 to 600 knowingly and of your own free will for a dishonorable object?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Very good. You realize that if I place these papers in the hands of the secretary of the company that you will go to jail and eventually to the State prison?"

"Yes," groaned the abject old man.

"That is all. You have complied with the condition, and I grant you the mercy you have asked for. The only real evidence against you is the certificate. It is supposed to be out of existence. Well, it shall be out of existence. Take it, and Dick tore it into fragments. "Now you are safe, Mr. Blum. The affidavit has served its purpose and I give you the certificate." Dick tore that paper up, too. "Miss Long and gentlemen, I rely on your honor to keep this secret, never to be divulged."

They bowed their assuagement.

"That is all, Mr. Blum. You may go without fear now."

Blum stood dazed and speechless. He was a noble boy who had acted toward him according to a code of ethics to which he was a stranger. One in the room felt sorry for him, but though their hearts they had little sympathy for the old Wall Street broker.

"That is all, Mr. Blum. You may go without fear now."

"That is all, Mr. Blum. You may go without fear now."

your friend because you saved me from the consequences of my folly," began Blum.

"I have come here to prove that to you," Blum went on. "Einstein and Kester, my associates, came to me with a proposition to catch you in the toils."

"Yes. I refused to go in because I have sworn never again to pull off any game straight or crooked. that would hurt you in any way."

Dick looked hard at Blum. The old man appeared to be very much in earnest. Dick said nothing, however, and Blum went on.

"Einstein and Kester are in a syndicate that has already practically cornered S. & T.," he said.

Dick began to look interested for the first time.

"It is going at 96 now, and it will surely go to 105 or higher, unless something happens to prevent it."

"If the stock has practically been cornered, why do you come to me with the information? What good is it to me?"

"No good, as far as you getting in on the rise in the ordinary way. I came here to tell you that Kester will call on you and try to get an option from you on 20,000 shares at the best price you will sell it to him for, and to encourage you to agree to deliver the shares at a fair advance on the market it has been arranged to beat down the present price from 96 to 90, or thereabouts. The syndicate controls the stock and can do as it pleases with it. When it drops to 90, Kester will call and try to make his deal with you. He will offer as high as 93, if necessary, for if you bite you will be caught, since it will be utterly impossible for you to deliver 20,000 in the stipulated time, as you won't be able to buy them. In the ten days or fifteen that the option is expected to run the syndicate will boost the price as high as it will go, to 105 or over. Then Kester will call on you for the stock, and you'll have to settle at his figures. He expects to make \$200,000 out of you at least, maybe clean you out of every dollar you own."

"And you are telling me this in good faith to warn me?" said Dick.

"I am, so help me heaven," said the old man, solemnly, raising his right hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Blum. "I believe you."

The old man then went away.

"So there really is a syndicate behind S. & T., and Einstein and Kester are in it?" mused Dick. "I thought there was some good reason for the scarcity of the stock.. Kester is going to engineer a deal in order to make me sell him an option on 10,000 shares. What a mean! He or Einstein little dream that I am in on the deal to the extent of just 20,000 shares. As I have paid \$5 for the stock, I am not likely, even without Blum's warning, to sell an option on it for 90. Well, let the syndicate put the price down to 90. I can stand it. Kester & Co. will have their trouble for nothing."

Jessie came in. That afternoon S. & T. went up to the city, to the hotel, and had a good dinner on the

have made me your friend. May I drop dead and go to perdition if I do aught to injure you from this moment. From this day I will be a different man. If any man asks a favor of me I will grant it to him. I swear I never will push a man to the wall again. He shall have time. He shall have the same mercy you have granted me."

Thus speaking, he turned away and left the room, a different person than he had entered it, and yet people say the day of miracles is past.

Ten minutes later Dick and Jessie were alone.

"Mr. Willett," she said, in a tone that thrilled him, "permit me to say that you acted nobly, and I—I respect you if anything more than ever."

"Can't you go a shade better and say you love me—Jessie?" he asked, taking both her hands in his and looking into her averted and blushing face.

"Yes," she said, after a moment, "I do love you, with all my heart."

"I thought you did," he said, lifting her face to his and kissing her.

CHAPTER XIV.—Saved by the Ticker.

A few days afterward Einstein and Kester met Flum on the street.

"Well, how about that scheme that you were going to pull off on young Willett?" asked Einstein.

"I've given it up," said the old man, in a constrained tone.

"Why not, I wonder? A good idea to try it. Well, it was kind of risky. When I was here, I had to trust a woman with such a delicate mind. I think I'm taking chances. But never mind about that; how would you like to get in on another accident?"

"I don't know. Come over to my office by and by and we'll talk it over," and he walked away.

"What's the matter with Blum, I wonder?" said Einstein, looking after the old broker. "He doesn't seem like himself at all."

"I give it up. Acts as if he had something on his mind. Maybe he's gone into some big deal."

So he went around to the broker and asked him to buy any part of the account, handing the broker \$100. The broker told him that he would buy the account for \$100, but he would not give him the money until the next day. Dick was about to give it up and report to the bank, when he learned that a certain bank held the account, which it was about to offer for sale. Dick called on the bank and bought the stock at the market, with a profit. This Dick got in on the best deal of his young and so for a considerable deal involving almost two million dollars worth of stock at the market rate, and which he was able to sell on a cash basis of \$100,000. Dick was very successful in his business and was out at last when the bank offered him to the bank's agent. Dick was very successful in his business and was out at last when the bank offered him to the bank's agent. Dick was very successful in his business and was out at last when the bank offered him to the bank's agent.

• **Verfahren:** Die Teilnehmer werden in Gruppen eingeteilt und erhalten Aufgaben, die sie in Zusammenarbeit lösen müssen.

Exchange. Dick was surprised, for he expected to see it go down. In the morning it opened at 100 1-8. At five minutes of ten, Kester walked into his office.

"Hello, Willett, I heard you were looking for S. & T. shares," he said. "I'll let you have my block of 20,000 at 100 3-8."

Dick was astonished. This was an altogether different proposition from that outlined by Blum.

"Where would I get two million to pay you with?" he replied.

"Oh, I'll let you have them on a five per cent. margin," said Kester. "It will only cost you \$100,000."

"Thanks; but I'm selling just now, not buying."

"Why, have you any S. & T.?" asked Kester, astonished.

"I have a few shares that I am holding in expectation of a further rise."

"How many?"

"A thousand, more or less."

"Well, I'll sell you 10,000 more if you don't want to take the whole block," he said.

Dick shook his head.

"Then I can't do business with you?" said Kester.

"Not to-day."

Kester went away, looking disappointed.

"I wonder what his game was?" pondered Dick. He walked into Blum's office.

"You told me, Mr. Blum, that Einstein and Kester were going to send S. & T. down to 90, and that Kester was going to call on me and try to get me to sell him 20,000 shares at say 93?"

The old man nodded.

"The stock has gone up instead of down, and Kester has just been in and offered to sell me 20,000 at 100 3-8 on a five per cent. margin. What do you think on the subject?"

Blum seemed astonished, and admitted that he didn't understand it. Next day S. & T. went up to 106. Then Dick went around to Howard's office.

"I'm going to sell, Mr. Howard. Offer the stock in batches of 5,000 shares."

"But you may break the market, and that is liable to cause you quite a loss."

"I don't care. I want to break it. If the 20,000 doesn't do it, offer 10,000 more short. That ought to fetch a slump."

"What's your reason for this?" asked Howard, much surprised.

"Kester and Einstein are in the syndicate, and perhaps somebody else. An attempt has been made to do me. It has failed. I'm going to get square on that crowd now, once and for all," said Dick, resolutely.

Howard put on his hat and ran over to the Exchange. He offered 5,000 shares at 106. It was taken by Einstein.

"Five thousand more at the same price," said Howard.

Einstein took them.

"Five more."

Einstein gobbled them, and there wasn't the sign of a slump. Howard offered the last five, and the other broker nodded. Up to that point

Dick's profits amounted to \$215,000. Howard hesitated to carry out Dick's final orders. At that moment Blum glided up to him.

"You're trying to break up the market," he said. "Are you acting for Willett?"

"What is that to you?"

"You are known to be his broker. He hasn't got money enough to do it. You have sold 20,000 shares for him, and he'll lose every dollar he owns," said Blum, who thought Dick was selling short solely to break the market price. "I know it, for I know the syndicate can hold out, and Kester will raise the price so high that the boy will be ruined. But I'm going to save him if it costs me every dollar I'm worth."

"You!" cried Howard, in astonishment.

"Yes. I owe that boy my freedom—my safety. I intend to pay the debt. Kester and Einstein are out for his scalp, but they shan't get it. I've got half a million in the bank. Here's my check for every dollar of it. Sell S. & T. right ahead in Willett's name. I am lending him this money. With my money you can break the syndicate, but Willett alone could never do it. Sell, sell, and save the boy."

Kester, with a confident smile, had been pushing S. & T. up to 110. Howard jumped in and resumed selling at a rate that swept Kester off his feet in five minutes and put the Exchange in an uproar. In five minutes more a panic ensued and S. & T. tumbled head over heels, and never stopped till it reached 85. The syndicate was ruined to a man. Dick had made more than a million, but half of it came through Blum's money. When Kester realized that the boy was responsible for the slump, he rushed up to his office, with blood in his eye and a revolver in his pocket.

"You have ruined me and all of us, you young hound!" he shouted. "But you shall not live to profit by it!"

He drew his gun as the boy stood beside the ticker and opened fire, pumping six bullets in succession at him, as Jessie sprang up with a succession of thrilling screams that startled the whole floor in connection with the shots. When the smoke cleared away, instead of a lifeless boy there was a demolished ticker, behind which Dick had taken quick refuge as his only barrier against the furious man. Then Dick sprang on Kester and threw him on the floor, where he held him till the firstcomers of the crowd that surged into the office secured him. Jessie had fainted dead away. When she came to, ten minutes later, she found herself in her lover's arms.

"Dick! Dick!" she screamed. "You are not dead?"

"No, sweetheart. Look yonder," pointing at the wrecked indicator. "I was saved by the ticker."

There is little more to add. Dick had made his pile and he soon afterward left Wall Street and invested his money in a less risky business. When he was of age he married Jessie and a happier young couple cannot be found in New York to-day.

Next week's issue will contain "THE SAILOR'S SECRET; OR, THE TREASURE OF DEAD MAN'S ROCK."

CURRENT NEWS

CASEY'S PIPE KILLS FISH

Nick Martin, one of the seinemen at the Million Dollar Pier, Atlantic City, N. J., while helping to draw in the big net at the end of the season, lost his favorite pipe from his teeth as he leaned over the railing.

There was a swirl and a splash about the spot where the pipe hit the water inside the net. The husky netmen finished their haul and started to sort the hundreds of finny beauties in the troughs.

One seineman noticed a wide bulge at the gills of a big cod. When he picked the fish up he found Martin's "mickey," known as a "Casey's pipe," crosswise through the gills. The cod had either choked to death or been overcome the first time he hit the pipe. He was dead as a doornail.

TEST BATTERIES WITH A POTATO

If you are away from home and have to deal with a storage battery of which the polarity markings are obliterated, here is a simple test that will instantly reveal to you which is the positive and which the negative pole. It is given by Windsor Crowell in the Popular Science Monthly.

Get a fresh potato; cut a slice off one side, and stick the terminal wires into the cut section, about an inch apart. The potato in contact with one wire begins to turn green. This is the positive pole, therefore the other is the negative.

Suppose you have no potato handy to make the test, proceed as follows: Pour a little of the electrolytic solution from the battery into a glass, place both wires in it, well apart, and watch the bubbles rise from them. Many more will rise from the negative side than from the positive.

ADVENTURES OF A BANK NOTE

A lady passing down the Rue Richelieu had the misfortune to lose a pocketbook containing, among other valuables, a 1,000-franc note. The pocketbook was picked up by a chairman named Renaud, who lives at Montreaux; he placed it very carefully in his pocket and proceeded home. It is not often that a chairman has occasion to change a note for that amount, and Renaud, recognizing the impossibility of turning it into gold without detection, consulted with a friend to do the business for the redemption of 100 francs. This friend, Lucien Mathern, also a chairman, was in his turn filled with apprehension. The difficulty was solved with the aid of a horticulturist named S. . . . who kindly consented to buy himself a horse for 100 francs and return the change. Renaud was thus richer by 600 francs. All might then have gone well if, two days later, it had not been discovered that the horse had been stolen from a dealer at Meaux. This led to the arrest of the trio, and later in the day the police put their hands on the horse thieves.

ARREST KEEPER OF "TRICK SALOON"

Revenue agents who have been operating in Brooklyn, N. Y., led Peter Muller of 1033 Gates avenue before United States Commissioner Hennessey the other day and reported him as owning the first trick saloon located. They declared, they entered his place, and, in spite of a spring board and several yards of string, devices alleged to have been prepared for the purpose of destroying evidence, they were able to accuse him of having sixteen glasses of whiskey and a three quart pitcher, also fully loaded.

Muller and his bartender, William F. Kreth, were held in \$1,000 bail for further examination.

The Muller bar, viewed from behind the scenes, the agents said, resembled nothing so much as a circus trapeze before it is sent aloft. They declared a pitcher of booze was balanced so that a slight tug on the string leading to the container's handle would send it crashing on the floor. The springboard, they explained, was in readiness to send sixteen glasses of whiskey into oblivion. Neither Muller nor the bartender had time to pull the string or jump on the board, it was stated.

ARTIST WIFE MADE COUNTERFEIT BILLS.

When Ormond Danaïs, employed in the Remington plant, Bridgeport, Conn., was arrested charged with circulating \$1 Federal reserve notes that had been carefully painted over to resemble \$10 and \$20 bills, his wife, Mary, a miniature painter, came forward and attempted to shoulder all the blame herself, even after her husband in his confession had sought to incriminate her.

She admitted that with the aid of high-grade inks and the most delicate of pens and brushes she had altered many notes. The chief excuse advanced by her and her husband was that they had four young children to support on his salary of \$23 a week.

The workmanship on the altered bills is said by the agents who have been trailing Danaïs for months past to have been remarkable. The first was passed last October, and the man, when questioned, said that he must have got it through a company from which he had borrowed. Since then he has been under surveillance day and night. The Secret Service men say that he passed another note at a Milford drug store, and still another at Mendel's drug store, in the Grand Central Terminal, New York City. They held off, however, until certain that he had no confederates.

Last week they arranged with the Remington Company to slip two marked \$1 bills into his pay envelope. One of these marked bills turned up as a \$10 note at the First Bridgeport National Bank, and Danaïs was then arrested. He was held in \$1,500 bail when arraigned before United States Commissioner Lavery lately. His wife was paroled in the custody of her attorney.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER III.—(Continued)

The ship was gradually brought about on the star-board tack and passed, headed westward, with her bow almost shaving an iceberg so big that the "Discovery" herself looked like a toy boat in comparison.

To the southward a wall of mist, sleet and snow hid everything, and Rucker's incredulity became rampant again.

He walked the bridge, with the weather turmoil whirling all about, and voiced his contempt for those who pretended to see land.

"We're in Wendell Sea, if the reckoning's right. These bergs always look like land to skeery eyes. But in my opinion fifty miles south would leave this ship with fifty more twixt her and land."

"But would you advise, Rucker?" queried Barclay, who had much respect for the chief mate's polar knowledge.

Rucker claimed to have made two Arctic voyages before, and had been on whaling expeditions in the Antarctic.

"Double the watch fore and aft. Put a live man in each top. Have the searchlight kept on tap from the wireless room; though I don't see much use, except to quiet uneasy nerves. Your daughter is with us. Maybe Miss Madge worries you."

"Who is that taking my name in vain?" said the young girl, still in her storm costume, babbling up between her father and Mr. Rucker.

"Madge, Madge—this won't do." Her parent tried to be stern. "What do you mean by following me—in this weather?"

"I'm neither sugar nor salt, father." She laughed scornfully at Rucker. "I'm fixed for bad weather, and I'm going to stay on deck for a while at least—no matter what old Rucker says."

"Old Rucker! It's that the way to speak to my chief officer?"

"Dear papa!" Madge clung to him as a wretched puff tried to blow them over the bridge rail. "I mean no harm, but Rucker knows I—I despise him—and I can't help it—there!"

After this totally irrelevant outbreak, Madge looked the captain so tight that he could only stare and hold both of them to the rail.

Rucker ground his teeth, but permitted himself few words.

"Well, Miss Madge. I'll not forget your warning," he again addressed the captain. "I don't mind from bergs and floes, we have plenty of room. And, with the precautions I have mentioned, we are all right for the night."

"Well, if you really think so, I will go below for forty winks of sleep. The uncertainty of our position has kept me almost constantly on the bridge. But now that we have our reckoning to

go by, and with your former experiences down here, I feel safer."

"Aye, sir. Trust to me. Go below again and take a nap. By morning I hope the weather will be clearer."

Now that her father was leaving, Madge also went. At the foot of the bridge, they met Hawley, who assisted the girl to the companionway, at the same time whispering in her ear:

"Keep awake, if you can. Mr. Rucker insists we have sea room enough, but I am sure I heard the sound of the surf breaking on our left as we wore ship."

"Have you anything to communicate, Mr. Hawley?" asked the captain rather ceremoniously for him. "Your station is forward, I think."

At this palpable rebuke Joe saluted, but as he turned he felt the girl's pressure of his hand.

"I was only helping Miss Madge to the stair," he said. "It is very rough walking."

"All the more reason that you should be at your post, sir. Good night." The two descended, and Hawley hurried forward, muttering:

"If that is not a complete turn down, I never had one."

However, he soon forgot the rebuff in the growing anxieties of his position as officer in charge of the forward watch.

All was now quiet on the ship, so far as human sounds went. Only the watch remained; two-thirds of the weary crew being in their bunks, owing to the sense of security imparted by the opinions of Rucker and the reckoning obtained that afternoon.

The chief mate walked the bridge. Aft, Mr. Ord was in charge. Some further time elapsed. Hawley, pausing in his walk beside the lookout in the bow, again thought he heard the sullen crash of waves on rocks.

"Keep your eyes peeled," he admonished the sailor. "Also your ears, especially to port. There lies our present danger."

He walked to the ratlines and ran up into the fore top, the gale flattening him against shrouds.

"Do you hear anything suspicious to port?" he demanded of the man stationed there.

"Sounds like the surf now and then, off here-away, sir." The sailor pointed southwest, a point off the ship's present course.

Hawley listened with all his might. His fears grew.

"Don't relax your watch," he cautioned. "I'm going to turn on the searchlight."

"Right you are, sir. I've been a bit uneasy for some time."

The man shifted his quid as he lay in the top, clinging to his slender support and shelter.

Running back along the deck, Hawley could see the shadowy forms of Rucker and the steersman outlined from the bridge.

"If I tell him, he won't consent," thought the lad, darting into the small wireless closet under the bridge, for the "Discovery" was fitted with a Marconi apparatus, and Hawley, to his other tasks, added that of being the operator. He now turned on the electricity for the searchlight, went out, shut the door behind him, and felt his arm grasped by some one.

"S-sh! It's me. I could not rest below, and father is sleeping."

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

FRENCH ARMY MAY NUMBER 700,000 MEN.

An army of 700,000 men must be maintained by France until enemy countries "show their good will by executing the terms of their treaties," in the opinion of government officials, says an Associated Press dispatch from Paris. Plans in contemplation call for 50,000 conscripts constantly under training, eighteen months' service being required of each man. Enlisted men and conscripts will receive pay equal to the wages earned by industrial workers, less the cost of food and lodging provided by the government. It is expected that a bill to carry out this program will be introduced in the Chamber in June next.

AKRON GAINS 139,368.

With an increase of 139,368 in its population during the last decade, Akron, Ohio, with a 1920 census population of 208,435 has gone ahead of Kansas City, Kan., Dayton, Memphis, Nashville, Syracuse and Albany. Akron's total increase was the largest in number thus far reported in the fourteenth census.

Ranking as the eighty-first city in 1910, Akron's rate of growth in the last ten years was 201.8 per cent., which places it now just below St. Paul, which is the next largest city having reported this year, with 234,595.

Wichita, Kan., with a 1920 census of 72,128, shows an increase of 19,678 or 37.5 per cent.

VAST FORTIFICATIONS OF METZ.

An article by Colonel E. M. Blake, C. A., in the Journal of the United States Army, speaking of the vastness of Metz fortifications, says that the town is surrounded by a high wall and is connected with the outside world by a single road. The town is a complete city, with a complete kitchen, bath, and all the other necessities for the garrison. It is a complete system of forced draft ventilation.

SMUTTING OUT A GAS WELL.

The largest recorded gas blow was at Taft, Cal., last July, when the well flowed for ten days and nights, pouring out a gas that was so hot and so poisonous that it was impossible to approach it. The blow of gas, which was so hot and so poisonous that it was impossible to approach it, was so hot and so poisonous that it was impossible to approach it. The blow of gas, which was so hot and so poisonous that it was impossible to approach it, was so hot and so poisonous that it was impossible to approach it.

were set off electrically and the gas-well fire was divided into three sections. The section at the point of explosion was moved away from the column in a horizontal direction, the upper section was blown upward and beyond danger of ignition of the gas column, while the lower section was snuffed out just like a candle.

FISHING WITH HANDS

It is hard to believe that human beings can become expert enough at swimming and diving to be able to catch fish in their watery home; yet it is so.

The native Hawaiians are the ones who do it, and it is a common sight in the districts that are not densely populated to see men, women and children engaged in thus catching fish, shrimp and crabs.

Sometimes they crouch in shallow water and feel around the coral and lava bottom for the creatures. So skillful have they become by practice that even the swiftest fish rarely escape. They can seize a crab and jerk him out of his rocky lair before he can use his claws.

The Hawaiians are assisted in this mode of fishing by the fact that many species of Pacific Ocean fish hide themselves in clefts in the rocks and lie there when danger threatens.

This habit is utilized by the men and boys to catch those fish which live in deep water. They tie a bag around their waists and dive straight down to the bottom. There they hold fast to a rock with one hand, to keep themselves on bottom, and with the other feel and grope in the crevices or under the overhanging rock ledges, till they get their hands around a fish. Then they put him into the bag and grope for another one until they have to ascend for air.

A daring kind of fishing is that for the octopus. The Hawaiian dives to the bottom and pokes a stick into crevices and holes in which the octopus loves to hide. When the stick touches one of the ugly things it invariably takes hold so tightly with its tentacles that it can be dragged forth. The moment the fisherman has thus lured it out, he lets himself ascend. He goes up so fast that he reaches the surface before the angry and stubborn devil-fish has reached his head to the surface.

When he reaches the surface the Hawaiian grabs the octopus and instantly bites deep into its head, thus killing the brute at once.

Another rather daring form of fishing is that for the sea urchin. When the fisherman is ready to go down for this creature, he wears a bag around his waist and a stick in his hand. He dives and feels around with his stick till he has found a sea urchin. He then pulls it up to the surface and kills it with his stick.

Now and then the fisherman will catch a fish in a hole formed of an old shell. The fisherman does not have his feet below him, but the fish is a great one and the fisherman is very skillful with jaws set with many sharp teeth.

THE GOLD FIEND

By Kit Clyde.

"Gold! gold!" muttered the sentinel to himself as he paced the dreary battlements. "Gold! What would I not do to possess this?"

He glanced down at the glittering hoard in the neighboring citadel and breathed a heavy sigh.

"And if I had gold, the glittering ore," he added reflectively, "what good would it do me? Would it not fly from my hands like chaff—like many a good coin of the precious metal has done before? And yet methinks I would be more careful of it; I would treasure it more than I have hitherto done.

"I would make a god of it," he went on. "Worship it, and no longer would I pace these lonely battlements, my feet crunching in the frozen snow, my cheeks blanched with the wintry wind, and my limbs as stiff as the handle of a battle-axe.

"No, no! I would enjoy myself, spend the good old Yuletide as other folks. Ah, me!" (here he sighed), "I would sell myself to the devil only to be allowed to pass the remainder of my life in comfort."

He glanced timidly around him.

As he gave utterance rather loudly to his thoughts he fancied he heard the rustling of leaves, but there were no leaves there to rustle, and he glanced wonderingly up to the dark towers above him.

Presently he heard a footstep.

The time it was not imagination; he was not alone; a dark figure stood a few yards distant in the shade of a buttress.

The sentinel clutched his halberd and prepared to give the challenge, but he started back with a cry of horror.

A figure answering the description of the foul fiend himself advanced toward him.

The soldier would have fled, but he was rooted in terror to the spot until the voice of the stranger being spoke:

"Victor Stanton, I have heard your speech; are you willing to be mine if I make you rich?"

"Ay, marry am I!" cried the soldier, eagerly, trembling with excitement in every limb. "I will be thine, I care not what may become of me when I am dead."

"Tis well," said the specter.

And then on the stone wall of the rampart there flinked a bag of gold.

The soldier stretched out his hand to clutch it, but the voice of the specter restrained him.

"Hold! First I must demand of thee two promises."

"Name them," gasped the soldier. "I will promise anything, leave anything for you, even——"

"Enough; it is not much I require of thee. Firstly, it is that thou goest to the vault of yonder church. There thou wilt find a silver coffin. Its contents, instead of the remains of the mouldering dead, thou wilt find to be gold—gold untarnished; and all—*all* shall be thine if you faithfully fulfill my second request."

The soldier trembled violently even to the chattering of his teeth.

"Listen; my second request is that you will mention no name but mine when you are in danger, or stand in need of spiritual aid. Do you promise?"

"I do," replied the sentinel, his voice sounding hoarsely on the sharp wintry air.

The next instant he was alone, anxiously awaiting the hour of his relief, and eager to ascertain the truth in regard to the silver coffin and its precious contents.

At the first opportunity he left the castle and sought the sexton of the church, who was busy filling in a grave, and the soldier begged of him to let him enter the chapel.

This time-honored and sacred pile had once been the chapel of a wealthy monastic order, suppressed at the period of the Reformation, and near the altar was a shrine where pilgrims from every clime formerly resorted owing to its inclosing a fragment of the true cross.

There, mingled unceremoniously together, were armor, banners, shields, spears, helmets, and helmets, emblems of conquests and honors and dignities that had long passed away.

The setting sun cast his mellow radiance through the richly painted western window, and tipped with the living luster some of the figures, which were of the size of life and finely sculptured, and as the restless and agitated soldier gazed at them he thought if those they represented were living what tales of mingled joy and sorrow they could tell.

Having traversed the chapel and affected to be deeply interested in every detail, the soldier again approached the sexton, who now with lowered head, appeared to be reading the inscription on a tablet in the center aisle.

"Good man," said he, "I wish to descend into the vault. For my comfort it is a fearful fancy of mine, but I wish to see if the coffin is the real one?"

"No—no," said the sexton, "you cannot go there; not for the vault. Our business is over; now we must retire."

"Why so?" demanded the soldier, haughtily, and with some sarcasm, for the sight of gold was burning his vitals. "I am not accustomed to refusals when I state my wishes. Lead the way, old man."

"I dare not; our worthy priest is most particular concerning the sanctity of the dead. My place would not be worth a good word if I told his anger."

"Then you refuse me?" demanded the soldier, his eyes gleaming with violence.

"I dare not refuse," was the reply. "And you, as a soldier, should know what that means. That vault contains the relics of many illustrious persons, and I am told the name of a king."

"The very reason why I am so desirous of entering it! The king, I have a hunch, is buried with all that will come in handy to me, and I am sure the king that I may attack."

"Nay, nay, I have answered you already. What more can you ask? I am a poor sexton, and I have no more to say. Come on, or let us leave."

"Hold! here is a talisman. Will that tempt

"you?" said the soldier, placing a gold piece in his hand and saying, "This will aid me to so simple a boon?"

The sexton struggled hard against temptation, but the gold felt so heavy, so compact, so smooth, that he faltered.

"Well," said he, drawing a long, heavy sigh, "if I must, I must; but I would rather it should not be, for I feel a presentiment that no good will come of it."

"Then here is another piece to put on thy patron's shrine. What say you now?"

The aged man spoke not another word.

Taking the key from a hook, he led the way to the ponderous door, and unlocked and opened it.

The vault was large and gloomy, but dry and free from gaseous air, so that the lamp burned clear, and the soldier could see the escutcheons, hatchments, and other funeral emblems decorating the walls, referring to those who were calmly sleeping in the closed-up recesses, while coffins, pile upon pile, occupied the center, forming it into passages, and one short, massive pillar, like those sometimes seen in the crypts of ancient churches, supported the roof.

"Well, sir," said the sexton, when he had answered the soldier such questions as he could, "are you satisfied now? You have seen all that mortal can view with his eyes."

"Nay, there you are wrong," replied the soldier, with a false attempt to smile. "I have not yet accomplished that for which I have so handsomely paid—the coffin of one in whose service my grandsire fought should be here, and I have decided to stay until I discover it."

"Good heavens!" gasped the sexton in alarm. "Remain here! when I am already shivering as if I had been seized with the chill of death?"

"You need not stay," retorted the soldier, coolly. "You spoke of your duty a while since; remember that it is part of a soldier's duty to reverence, but not to fear death."

The sexton could say nothing against this.

In fact, he was eager to test the genuineness of the gold he had so easily obtained, and that was why he was so anxious to get away.

"Now you are here, sir," he fawningly said. "I am totally in your power. I cannot compel you to leave—say, do you think you will have finished your search in about an hour or so?"

"In about that time," was the curt reply.

"Then I will leave you, and return to lock up the chapel before night."

"Ay, leave me," said the soldier, "to pursue my search alone. Your talk distracts me, and dallying wastes my time."

In amazement at the soldier's resolution and choice, the sexton departed; but, being unwilling to leave the stranger in uncontrolled possession of the sacred edifice, he turned the key of the vault in the lock, and then locked the outer door.

"Safe land, safe lord" is my motto," he muttered, as he locked also the graveyard gates. "What can he be, I wonder? He looks like one of the guards at the castle."

The Man in Armour was the first person he reached, and as the sexton of math and good

fellowship issued from the door, which stood so invitingly open, he sauntered in.

"How now, Master Maddock?" said the host, when he served him with a pint of the best, and was tendered a bright glittering coin; "is business flourishing, or have you been idle and taken to Christmas boxing?"

The sexton gave one of his dry, short laughs.

"Oh," said he, "I have Christmas-boxed and worked hard into the bargain, and having done that, I think I have a right to regale myself merrily."

"So you have," returned the host; "you have for many years attended to the comforts of those who are past comforting themselves, and why shouldn't you attend a little to your own comforts?"

With this bit of flattery Master Maddock joined the jovial company, and "only one pint more!" was repeated so frequently that at last he joined in the choruses, got awfully jolly, and was carried home.

His wife—good soul!—had not seen him so jolly (save the mark!) for many a long year, and as she was told he had been making a little seasonable merrymaking with some of his oldest friends, she put him to bed without more ado.

But on the morning of the following day, trembling in every limb, and apprehending he knew not what, he hurried to the church, unlocked the vault, and shouted down the narrow stone stairs.

No sound answered, so he took a light and descended in search of the visitor, but the horrible spectacle that there awaited him haunted the old sexton to his dying day.

As he paused on the bottom step, and moved the light so as to examine around, he, to his horror, beheld the form of the once valiant soldier stretched on the stones at his feet.

But it was by the dress alone that the sexton recognized the soldier of the previous day.

He was so marred, mutilated, and disfigured that no feature could be recognized, even by his own comrades, and no marvel.

Rats in thousands, and in myriads, had assailed him, and by his broken sword and the multitudes that lay dead around him it was evident that his resistance had been gallant and protracted; but it availed him nothing.

Little of him remained, and that little was so torn and gnawed that it was painful for humanity to gaze upon.

But conspicuous, and worst of all, was a blood-red mark upon the breast, as though some horrid vampire had been fixed there.

But what it was no one ever knew.

Dark hints and strange rumors flew about profusely, but none, not even the old sexton, were able to account for the blood-red mark, nor unravel the secret of the old church vaults.

Mistress (to new servant)—There are two things, Mary, about which I am very particular. They are truthfulness and obedience. Mary—Yes'm, and when you tell me to say you're not in when a person calls that you don't wish to see which is it to be, mam—truthfulness or obedience?

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

James A. (Coke) Jones is the original hard luck man in Greensburg, Ind. Recently he fell when at work in a cigar store and dislocated his left shoulder for the eleventh time in two years. Jones is a veteran of the World War and during his service the shoulder was out of place three times. The first injury was received in an indoor baseball game of the Y. M. C. A.

Discovery by a road construction crew of gigantic bones of an animal believed to be a mastodon, near Penawawa, on the Snake River, lately was reported at Spokane, Wash., by Rev. M. W. Fink of Penawawa. He said the skull was two and one-half feet in width between the eye-sockets, the tusks were eight inches in diameter at the base and the teeth four to five inches across. It is expected that an effort to excavate the entire skeleton will be made.

LAUGHS

"Baby sleeps all day and howls all night."
"Why not take him to Norway, where it's always daytime from May to October?"

"I hear Henpecked has died and left no will."
"Well, the poor chap was never allowed to have any will of his own when he was alive."

"When you called the boss down, I suppose you were fired with a spirit of independence?" "Not a bit of it. I was fired by the boss."

Hoax—There goes a fellow who believes in taking things as they come. Joux—Who is he—a philosopher? Hoax—No; a photographer.

"Poor Jack! He never could spell, and it ruined him." "How?" "He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with, and he wrote boney for bonny."

Flanagan—Hivins, man! Phwat's the matther wid yer face? Hanagan—Faith, 'twas an accident. The cild woman throwed a plate at me. Flanagan—An' d'ye call that an accident? Hanagan—Av coorse! Didn't she hit phwat she aimed at?

Hair Grew on Bald Head

After being almost totally bald, a New Yorker happily found something which brought out a new, luxuriant growth of hair of which he is so proud that he will send the information free to anyone who asks for it. Write: John H. Brittain, BK-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. Many women and men, by using this information, have grown hair after all else failed. Cut this out, show others; this is genuine.



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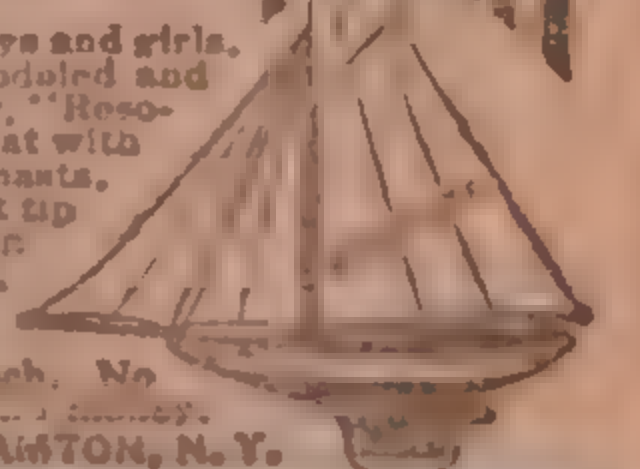
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ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

BURNING BOY AT STAKE.

That they were "only playing" was the defense given by Darrel Pool, aged eleven, and Kenneth Baker, eleven, when they were arraigned in the Juvenile Court, Lancaster, O., April 17, charged with attempting to burn Charles Kneller, aged ten, a newsboy, at the stake early this week. They said they thought the Kneller boy would be able to stamp out the flames with his feet when they left him.

Both boys were found delinquent by Judge Acton. Baker was put on probation and Pool released. Kneller was badly burned when the two boys tied him to a stake and built a fire about him. He will recover.

MICE ATE RECORDS

One of the newest pleas received by Walter Edwards, Chief of the Income Tax Department, St. Louis, Mo., for an extension of time by a corporation in filing the Federal income tax returns came in the other day from an Osage County corporation, whose officers stated they could not file an exact return of its 1919 business because the mice had eaten up the records of the company.

In an effort to substantiate the claim of the company, the local Osage County Deputy Collector examined the records of the company and send word to the St. Louis office that the claim was true, that "the mice had got it." The extension was granted.

GIRL SHORN OF RINGS.

Miss Edith Taylor of No. 1022 Bella Vista Avenue, Oakland, Cal., feels herself the possessor of an unusual luck that links in two rings, one of them a diamond engagement ring, both of which were lifted from her fingers at night by a burglar who entered the room.

She was awakened by the burglar, but failed to make an outcry. The intruder, with the aid of a flashlight, saw the diamond ring and a smaller sparkling one on the girl's fingers, and forthwith proceeded to take them off.

After getting both rings the man walked downstairs and began to help himself to the family plate.

Miss Taylor called her father, M. P. Taylor, and together they rushed the burglar, who fled, leaving the silver and dropping both rings in the hall.

A "WIFE CATCHER"

As is customary with Indians the world over, the Caribs are expert basket weavers, and many strong and handsome baskets are to be bought in Roseau at reasonable prices if one finds the right shops. A peculiar instrument, made of basket straw and woven closely together so as to form a hollow tube, ending in strong twisted ends, and commonly dubbed a "wife catcher," is also made and sold by the Caribs. By slipping the hollow end over a man's finger above the joint and pulling on the twisted end, the catcher will tighten around the finger and the captive

will be unable to release his hand. It is claimed that the Indians formerly employed this device as a handcuff for prisoners, using several for each hand, and leading the captives by the fingers. Few tourists are permitted to leave Roseau without a wife catcher, for which a sixpence is willingly exchanged.

SCORNS SHOTGUN

Gus Smith, an expert archer of Eden, Wis., scorns shotguns when he goes hunting. He goes armed only with his bow and arrows.

He was tramping through the woods near his home when his quiver caught on a bush, but he thought little of it and did not believe that his arrows were damaged. Soon, in an open field, he made a hasty selection of an arrow and shot it at a partridge on the wing, only a short distance away. He noticed the arrow describing a wide curve, but the partridge made a quick turn and was knocked down. The arrow, however, had only struck a glancing blow and kept going. It described a wide circle, coming back to the place where Smith stood, the same as a boomerang, and killed a rabbit which had jumped up just behind Smith.

Smith picked up the rabbit and ran to where the stunned partridge lay, catching it before it recovered. Examination showed that the feathers on the arrow had been knocked askew when his quiver struck the bush and that they had made a rudder which carried it in the circle.

DEATH VALLEY AT PRESENT

Death Valley, once the terror of the traveler in the Southwest and the last resting place of many prospectors, is being made safe for travel both day and night.

This erstwhile barrier to human progress has been conquered by the automobile. Its tremendous waste of sand has been signposted and its hidden waterholes marked by Uncle Sam. Not content merely with making the desert easy to cross for travelers in daylight, the Automobile Club of Southern California is going further and in placing signs in such manner that the rays of headlights from passing machines will fall upon them and guide the night tourist as safely and surely as the day traveler.

The club also will signpost all lateral routes of the famous Death Valley district. Included in the signposting being done will be a complete set of road signs directing tourists to picturesque Palm Canyon, on the edge of the desert, one of the unique sights of the world. This oasis in the sandy wastes is to be made a national monument by the government. Its distinctive feature is the presence of ancient palms of weird beauty, standing in straight rows, apparently planted by the hand of man but antedating the history of the first human beings in this section.

A FEW GOOD ITEMS

MONKEY PRANKS

Whether the monkey really needed glasses or the attention of an oculist, or whether he thought he could eat specks, will never be known, but there is one thing John Page of Garland does know, and that is he is out \$20 he paid for glasses a short time ago, and all because a monkey in the zoo, decided it would like to have them.

Page was inspecting the simian exhibit rather closely. In fact, he had his face against the cage. While he was watching one monkey cut some capers, another snatched the glasses from his face. The monkey tried to fit them on its own nose. They did not suit—probably the vision was wrong.

Then the monkey tried to eat them. When its teeth failed to masticate the glass and gold the animal slammed them on the concrete floor of the cage and shattered them into a thousand pieces. It then twisted the frame to pieces, before the keeper came.

PIGEONS USED IN FIGHTING WESTERN FOREST FIRES

During the recent severe forest fires in certain sections of the West, carrier pigeons were successfully employed to convey messages from the fire-fighters "at the front" to headquarters, says American Forestry. The test of the birds for this use was on a limited scale, but has encouraged the Forest Service officials to believe a larger scale.

The experiment lends special interest to a plan which is being considered for co-operation between the Department of Agriculture and the Navy Department, under which carrier pigeons and equipment of the latter department may become available. To establish a successful carrier pigeon system it will be necessary to lay plans during the coming winter, to have the posts properly located and get the birds acclimated and begin their training. Flights of 600 miles in a single day have been made, while a distance of 140 to 200 miles means a two or three hour flight for the average bird. Since the distances which would be covered in Forest Service work are considerably less than this there appears to be no difficulty in this regard. In most instances the flights from fire-fighting areas to headquarters would be considerably less than fifty miles. The value of the birds would be particularly great in mountainous regions where travel is difficult.

PIGEONS SNARED BY THOUSANDS

The pioneers of Michigan and other States of the Great Lakes recall sadly the days when wild pigeons were so plentiful in this region that they were killed by men with clubs as they swept in great flocks over the sand hills. In many of the pioneer localities twenty-one roasts of wild pigeon a week were not unusual, and much of the great State of Michigan was leaved out of the forest on a pigeon diet. A party

would often go into the hills and kill thousands of the birds without a gun, slaughtering thousands only to waste them.

After the first railroads were built, the pigeon crop of several Michigan counties was worth more than their wheat crop. Few people of today realize or can imagine the magnitude of these mighty nestings of the birds. A pigeon nesting would often extend for many miles north, east, south and west. Hundreds of nests would adorn every tree and the noise from the homecoming and departing birds would be so great that it was often impossible to carry on an ordinary conversation in the woods. Pigeon catching and killing became an industry. Carload after carload was shipped to New York and Eastern cities and dead pigeons were often piled up until they appeared like small hay stacks.

Trappers from all parts of the country journeyed to the Michigan eldorado for the purpose of catching the birds. They did it, when a large catch was desired, with a net, 16 to 18 feet wide and 80 to 40 feet long. This was arranged with ropes and spring poles, so that when a number of the birds had alighted in the particular spot to which they had been lured by means of the stool-pigeon, the spring poles were released and the net pulled over the spot where the birds had settled, covering the whole number.

Few people who see the expression "stool-pigeon" realize how closely its commonly accepted meaning follows the truth. After the spring poles had been bent back and the net covered with light grass so it would not be visible to the birds, a wild pigeon which had been kept alive to act as stool-pigeon was brought into service.

A leather string was put with a half tie about each leg of the bird. Then with a small candle nozzle a white silk thread was passed through the pigeon's eyelid on each side of the head, the ends of the thread were twisted together on top of the bird's head and the pigeon was blindfolded for use. The bird was held by the boots, as the strings were called, and set on the forefinger. It was raised up, and then the hand brought down quickly to see whether the bird would hover properly. When one was found that would suit, it was fastened by the boots to a pad about as large as the hand near the centre of the bed to which the birds in trees within sight were attracted to the bed, which had been scattered with wheat or buckwheat. When the bed had become filled with pigeons the spring pole was pulled and the net carried over, there being sufficient spring in the poles to spread it fully.

Most trappers bit the birds' necks to kill them. used a pair of pincers for the same purpose. It was not uncommon to take from 500 to 1,000 birds at a single haul, and the sport, with a good stool-pigeon, was considered enchanting.

The greatest enemy of the pigeon trapper was the hawk, which often caught and killed his favorite stool-pigeon, just when it was most needed.

FROM ALL POINTS

LICENSE TAGS FOR CATS.

Under an ordinance which has been proposed by the Butte County Humane Society cats of Chico, Cal., face a curtailment of their customary freedom. The ordinance would require cats to wear license tags, and owners would be held responsible for midnight prowlings. It also provides that all cats found roaming around at night be placed in the pound.

CRAZED BRONCO KILLS BOY

Edward J. Heater, nine years old, was dragged through the streets of Matamoras, Pa., and over the State road more than four miles to his death recently by a bronco. The boy had the animal in a lot near his home, where it was eating grass, and was holding it by a halter when the halter snapped fast, entangling the boy, who was trampled to death by the frightened animal. Citizens and several automobiles gave chase and cornered the pony after an hour's run, which involved the smash-up of one of the cars. The boy's head was crushed and many bones broken. His parents witnessed the tragedy.

FARMER SAVES AIRMAN

J. T. Murphy, who came to Bellefonte, Pa., from Cleveland several days ago to pilot an airplane over the aerial mail route, was seriously injured when his machine went into a tail spin and fell a distance of 400 feet. As the machine struck the ground the gas tank exploded and burst into flames. The aviator was saved from being burned to death by Boyd Sampsel, a farmer, who cut the straps holding Murphy and pulled him out of the burning machine. Sampsel was also painfully burned.

A STRANGE TRAGEDY

The discovery on the Yacht Ostara, stranded at Sulina, one of the mouths of Danube, of the dead bodies of eleven noted Russian men and women, each shot through the head, and not a living soul on board, has presented the Rumanian authorities with one of the most mysterious tragedies of Bolshevism in the Black Sea. The bodies have been identified as those of members of the noted Russian families of Falzfein and Skadowki.

The discovery was made by soldiers, who, when they went aboard the helpless yacht, found the cabin half filled with water and the eleven bodies floating around. On board the yacht were 14,000,000 rubles in gold and paper and jewels.

The elder Falzfein still grasped a pistol in his hand when his body was found, and whether the party committed suicide or were murdered is a question that remains unanswered.

An investigation is being made by the Rumanian authorities, aided by Russian friends of the two families. All that is known is that the two families fled their estates to Odessa, and when the Bolsheviks arrived there in February

put their belongings on board the Ostara, which was then towed by a Russian steamship bound for Constanza. The tow ropes broke several times, owing to severe storms, and finally the yacht lost the steamer altogether and proceeded to Constanza.

The refugees were refused permission to land.

It is believed, as a result of the investigation so far made, that after the yacht lost its tow it drifted at the mercy of the storm, and the refugees, six men and five women became exhausted from the cold waves breaking over the vessel and lack of food. Unable to manage the yacht the party made a despairing effort to put her ashore on the desolate beach near Sulina. There they succeeded in launching small boats, but Rumanian guards, under strict orders to permit no landing through fear of the Bolsheviks, ordered them to return to the vessel.

It appears that some coast fishermen offered a rescue when the vessel began settling, owing to the pounding of the heavy seas, but soldiers prevented. How the families met their death probably never will be known. Some money and valuables the refugees had on board were missing when the valuables the refugees had on board were checked up, and Rumania has been asked to attempt to recover them.

King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Rumania have taken a great interest in the investigation, because when the royal family was driven into exile and the capital removed to Jassy, the King and Queen were offered the magnificent home of the Falzfeins across the Bessarabian border.

The Falzfeins belonged to one of the ancient families of German Mennonite colonists who settled in the province of Kherson at the invitation of the Russian government.

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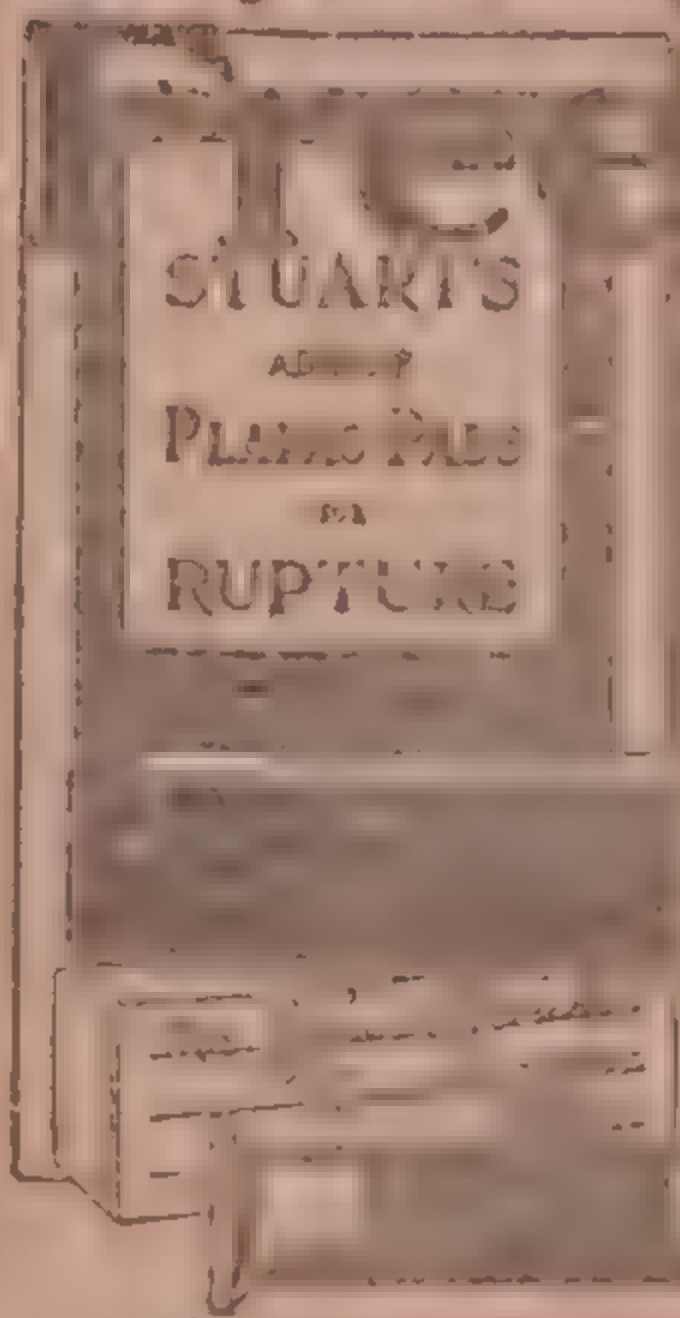
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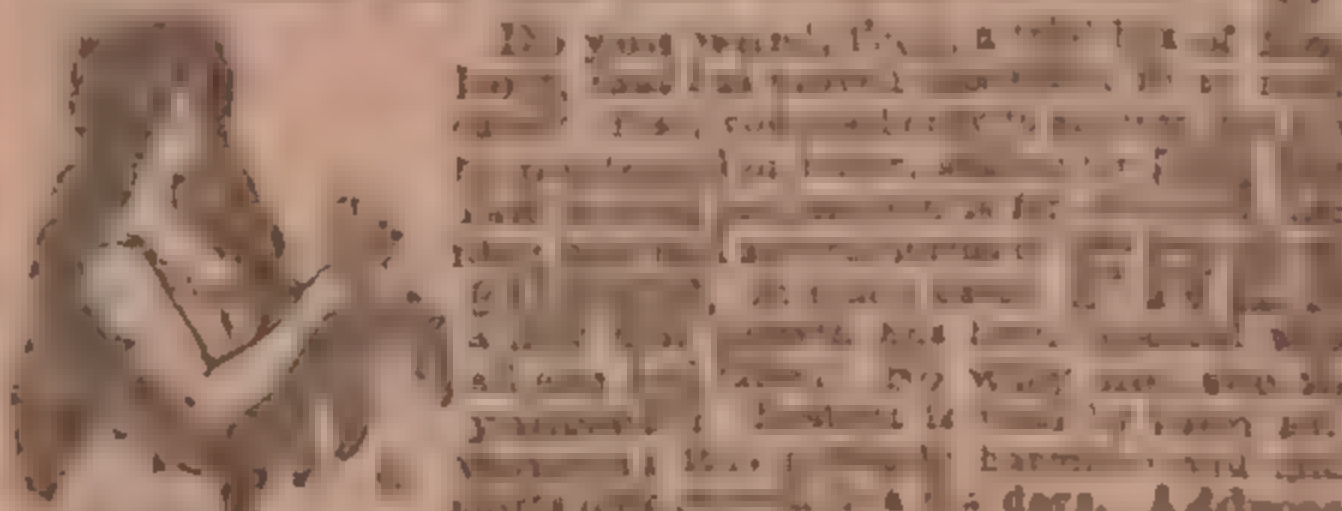
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ANIMALS USE TOOLS?

Dr. Wilhelm Boelsche, a well-known German naturalist, propounds the question as to whether any of the lower animals actually use tools—that is, special implements to serve special ends—and the Scientific American Monthly cites several observations which suggest that they may.

For example, the ants known as *Oscophylla smaragdina*, which build nests by sewing together the leaves of bushes, repair a rent in their home by forming a line of workers along one side of the gap, and then stretch their heads till, one after another, they are able to seize the far edge in their jaws, when they gradually draw it across the rent. Then the females go to the nursery, pick up their infants, which have spinnerets, which the adults do not possess, hold the little ones to the rent and pinch them till they spin fine threads, moving their heads back and forth from one side of the rent to the other, attaching the threads until they have woven together the rent, which is then held by the adults. Thus they use the young as spindles and weavers' shuttles.



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